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COMMENT OF THE DAY

DOCK DECISION

THE British Government's decision to close down the local Naval Dockyard after its many years of notable and efficient service is a drastic measure. But as long as Hongkong fits into the overall pattern of modern naval strategy, dictated by a new concept of defence the Colony must accept changes even though they are beyond her control. The White Paper on Defence made it quite clear that there would be reductions in establishments in various parts of the world and unfortunately Hongkong had to be included to meet requirements. It was no light decision to make as it involved the retrenchment of some 5,000 employees, many of whom have served the yard faithfully and conscientiously for years. The employees have the entire Colony's sympathy in their present prospect of being thrown out of work.

WELL AWARE

HER Majesty's Government, well aware of the hardship liable to be incurred, has seen fit to lighten the burden by planning the run-down over a period of two years, thereby filtering men onto the labour market. Modification of the rules regarding gratuities should also prove of assistance to those who have only been in the yard's employment for a short period and it is hoped that this extra aid will tide them over during their search for other employment. It is gratifying to note that the authorities, both Naval Dockyard and Government, and local business organisations did not hesitate to set up an Advisory Committee to find new jobs. In fact, representatives met only a few hours after the Dockyard employees received their notices. Already preliminary investigations have started and there are indications that a number of vacancies exist in Government departments and in business firms so that many of the workers should not have difficulty in finding employment provided there is co-operation between the men and their leaders and the authorities. But the problem cannot be settled quickly; it will take time and the two-year period of the run-down might well prove adequate to meet the challenge.

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GAILLARD'S BILLS PASSED

Vital Confidence Votes On Algerian Issues

Paris, Nov. 30.
The French National Assembly endorsed Premier Felix Gaillard's limited political reforms for rebellious Algeria today by supporting him in two vital confidence votes.

Eoka Leader Must Be Captured Says MP

Nicosia, Nov. 29.
Mr. Reginald Paget, QC, Labour member of Parliament for Northampton, said in a radio interview here last night that he saw little prospects of advance in Cyprus until Eoka leader, Colonel Grivas, was captured.

Mr. Paget said: "The element of terror must end and negotiations will not be effective until it does. If Cypriot-Greek representatives go into negotiations knowing that they are apt to be shot by Colonel Grivas if they concede anything, the talks are no likely to be very helpful. The villain of the piece, the man who is really making progress towards self-determination impossible, is Grivas."

WARNING

Meanwhile the terrorist organisation tonight circulated leaflets in Nicosia, warning that the "war against the Tory governments" will go on "until they give us what we want." The leaflets were signed by the terrorist leader, Digenis. They said: "We shall never be suppressed by force. There can never be a total ceasefire." Referring to British efforts to "create a rift between Cypriot-Greek and Greece," the leaflets said the front between Cypriots and Greeks "is and shall remain unbroken." The leaflets added that the fate of the Cypriots was in the hands of their exiled leader, Archbishop Makarios, and "we shall obey his recommendations for a solution." — Reuters & France-Press.

The Assembly votes strengthened France's hand in the current United Nations debate on Algeria.

In the first of two confidence ballots, which were taken just after midnight, they voted 289 to 200 (official figures) in favour of Gaillard's framework law for limited home rule in Algeria.

In the second, they passed his Algerian electoral law 267 to 200 (official figures). The law was designed to grant full voting rights to Algeria's 9,000,000 Moslems, while giving its million Europeans an effective voice through proportional representation.

Not In Sight

The two laws will go into effect only after the shooting has stopped in Algeria. So far, there is no end in sight for the three-year-old rebellion.

M. Gaillard was both votes by clear-cut margins despite a fierce attack against him this afternoon by ex-Premier Pierre Mendes-France.

M. Mendes-France, charged in a tumultuous debate that M. Gaillard was throwing away a chance for peace by refusing a Moroccan-Tunisian offer to mediate the rebellion. Keynote of the Gaillard victory tonight was support by the powerful right-wing bloc which two months ago rejected a similar law and brought down the Government of Maurice Bourges-Maunoury.

Grumbled

Although the 102-man Conservative group grumbled menacingly about what they felt were dangerous liberal provisions of the Gaillard bills, they voted them through rather than topple him at this crucial moment. — United Press.

FIREMEN KILLED

London, Nov. 29.
Four persons were killed, including two firemen, and 15 were injured today when a 55-foot water tower collapsed and fell on the roof of a hospital where the firemen were fighting a blaze which had broken out earlier. The accident took place at the Oakwood Psychiatric Hospital at Maudstone. The fire had been brought under control when the water tower collapsed on the roof, where there were several firemen and hospital personnel. — France-Press.

Chinese Place Orders In Britain

London, Nov. 29.
THE Chinese trade mission, now visiting Britain, has placed orders for textile machinery with British firms, it was announced today. The mission, acting for the Sino-British Trade Council, which sponsored the visit, said that although it had not been expected that any business would be done while the mission was still in this country they had been so impressed by what they had seen that certain orders had been placed. The 28-man Chinese mission, which was invited to visit more than 150 British firms, is due to leave for home on December 4. — Reuters.

Eisenhower Tours His Farm

Gettysburg, Nov. 29.
President Eisenhower expanded his activity today to include a 70-minute tour by car and foot over his 496-acre farm as he continued an "excellent" recovery from his recent slight stroke.

Press Secretary James C. Hagerty said the President, who drove here earlier today for a few days' rest on his farm, lunched and stepped "after the leisurely 80-mile trip from Washington."

He said the President then set out on an extensive tour of his property in the heart of this picturesque Pennsylvania Dutch country. The President was accompanied by his physician, Maj. Gen. Howard Snyder. The doctor said later that "they had a nice drive" and that he would repeat what he said this morning: "The President's progress continues to be excellent." — United Press.

Sea Mine Started To Tick

Ostend, Nov. 29.
The port of Ostend was evacuated rapidly today when the explosion mechanism of a wartime sea mine, towed into the port by a trawler, suddenly began its deadly "tick, tick."

The trawler reached Ostend during the night with its lethal catch entangled in its nets. Bomb disposal units went into action this morning and accidentally touched off the mine's mechanism. The authorities cleared the port and the adjoining fish market while two naval minesweepers towed the deserted trawler and its deadly "passenger" out to sea. At 1500 GMT the mine was still ticking, but had not exploded. — France-Press.

Ballistic Missiles Division May Be Operational Soon

Washington, Nov. 29.
General Thomas D. White, Chief-of-Staff of the American Air Force, revealed today that the first United States ballistic missile division had been placed under the authority of the Strategic Air Command (SAC), apparently indicating that the division would soon be operational.

He said the division had been transferred to the SAC from the Air Force research and development section.

In an address before the National Press Club, General White also said that American air might could be concentrated on the Soviet Union from all directions, including bases in allied countries and he thought the American air bases in Europe were not vulnerable to Russian attack.

In Production

He said that the Thor intermediate range missile had been placed in production.

General White told the newsmen that the most efficient air defence consisted of striking the enemy on his ground bases before his planes took off and providing enough funds for air strength.

General White showed a space suit after his address, which he said might be used for flights to the moon.

He termed the pressurized suit an important breakthrough for American aviation and said it would be used by the pilot of the X-15 rocket plane to reach an altitude of 25 miles. — France-Press.

Malta Dock Closing In Three Years

Valletta, Nov. 29.
Mr. Dom Mintoff, Maltese Prime Minister, today said he had been assured by the British Government that Malta's dockyards would not be closed overnight.

The Prime Minister's surprise appearance at a meeting of dockyard workers and Government employees to discuss the dockyard's future resulted in the calling-off of a protest march through Valletta.

Mr. Mintoff read a communique from Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, which said there was enough work on the present rate to keep dockyard workers employed for the next three years, although some cuts had to be made.

The Prime Minister said Mr. Lennox-Boyd had intended making a statement in Britain in conjunction with the decision to close the dockyards at Hongkong, but have given him the opportunity of announcing it in Malta. — Reuters.

West New Guinea THREAT OF ACTION

New York, Nov. 29.

Dr Subandrio, Indonesian Foreign Minister, told the United Nations General Assembly tonight that his country would have "no alternative but recourse to action outside the United Nations" following the Assembly's rejection of a suggestion that Holland and Indonesia should be urged to negotiate on their dispute over Dutch New Guinea.

Indonesia "might take steps which would not be conducive to the improvement of our relations with the Netherlands," he added.

Dr Subandrio was speaking after the Assembly had rejected the resolution, previously passed by the Assembly's Political Committee, which had also suggested that both sides use the good offices of the UN Secretary-General, Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld.

The Assembly vote tonight was 41 to 29 with 11 abstentions—less than the required two-thirds majority. — Reuters.

Rail Workers' Pay Claim

London, Nov. 29.
A claim for pay increases for 90,000 railway office workers was submitted to the British Transport Commission today by leaders of the Transport Salaried Staffs Association.

The Commission promised to consider the claim—no figure was revealed—and to reply later.

Claims for increases for all rail workers have already been submitted by the National Union of Railwaymen and the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen. — Reuters.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier"

RACE 1

Cursey
New Love
Cornhill
Outsider: Full-of-Spirit.

RACE 2

Na Pazi
Midget
Spinning Wheel
Outsider: Tai Ping Shan.

RACE 3

Belinda
Balkan Monarch
Chatterbox
Outsider: Glory.

RACE 4

Bayshore
Strathvohr
Distant Sky
Outsider: Supreme Command.

RACE 5

Five Gold
Gambetta
Gladie
Outsider: Satisfaction.

RACE 6

Whirlaway
Serbu
Red Light
Outsider: Bonita.

RACE 7

Co-ordination
Yin Chi
Beautiful Phoenix
Outsider: Flying Dutchman.

RACE 8

Bluegrass
Kelpie
Knock-again
Outsider: Resurrection.

By "The Turf"

RACE 1

Full-of-Spirit
Cursey
Cornhill
Outsider: Advancement.

RACE 2

Na Pazi
Tai Ping Shan
Midget
Outsider: Constellation.

RACE 3

Belinda
Alandale
L'Are Triomphe
Outsider: Don Juan.

RACE 4

Bayshore
Strathvohr
Encore
Outsider: Viewpoint.

RACE 5

Gambetta
Five Gold
Wing Hang
Outsider: Good Condition.

RACE 6

Whirlaway
Red Light
Serbu
Outsider: Silver Wing.

RACE 7

Appreciation
Beautiful Phoenix
Yin Chi
Outsider: Co-ordination.

RACE 8

Kelpie
Bluegrass
After Dark
Outsider: Winsome.

TODAY'S TEASER TIP

For Race 8
Lee Kip, a crazy mixed up Chinese kid?
Our Teaser Tip for last Saturday was "Sometimes used for getting Patrick out of trouble" (Shilleagh) came in second and paid \$10.

SPAIN MOVING AWAY FROM PRO-ARABISM

Madrid, Nov. 29.
THE attack on the Spanish West African possession of Ifni by armed bands is leading to an urgent reappraisal of Spain's foreign policy—away from pro-Arabism.

The pro-Arab policy which has figured so prominently in Spain's former affairs—six Arab heads of state including the King of Morocco have visited Spain this year—may now take second place to a closer collaboration with France and other Western countries.

The appointment yesterday of an inter-ministerial commission to study problems of the common market and the European atomic energy pool is in itself an indication of the new awareness of the new awareness of

Spain's need to adjust her position in Europe. Spain's ties with the United States—her main source of aid—are expected to remain close and American air bases in Spain—due for completion next year—take on added importance with the interest now shown in short-range guided missiles.

Relations with France have improved considerably in recent months, and the granting of independence to Morocco has removed the main source of contention between the two nations.

The attack on Ifni is likely to bring Spain and France still closer together. — China Mail Special.

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

The Night A Farm Was Rocking

Crippled He Seeks Wings



PETER LYNCH HAS SPENT £200 LEARNING TO FLY

Sydney. Meet pollo victim Peter ("Stiff Legs") Lynch—he works by night and learns to fly by day.

Lynch, who turned 23 last April, works as a trunk line operator with the PMG Department at night and learns to fly with the Royal Aero Club during the day-time.

He has completed 21 examinations and now has only to pass a licence test to get his wings.

"ONLY WAY"
Lynch, who was struck with polio seven years ago, was in bed for five months and on work for two months.

He is still paralysed in both legs and flies aircraft by pushing his legs forward on to the rudder bar with his hands.

"I can't move my legs any other way," he said last

week at his home in Hubert St. Leichhardt.

And, that's one reason why it is harder for Lynch to fly than Douglas ("Tin Legs") Bader.

Although Bader lost his legs he still has the use of his leg muscles.

Lynch said he had spent over £200 learning to fly and it was "worth every penny."

When Lynch isn't working or learning to fly he rides his motorcycle, which he operates with his hands.

"I simply drive carefully and keep my head," he said in telling how he has never had an accident in 50,000 miles.

Snuff Is Back

London. The revival of an old habit is bringing new customers to Britain's tobacco companies.

Sales of snuff, made from the stalks of tobacco leaves, are going ahead fast.

They are five times as big as at the war's end.

More than 15 million pounds of snuff are now sold over tobaccoists' counters each year. Who takes it all? People in every walk of life who have

given up smoking, or are unable to smoke because of their jobs. Many teenagers, too, have started taking a "pinch" of snuff. They find it cheaper than cigarettes.

"And a snuff box goes with an Edwardian suit," joked one manufacturer today.

In America it is a different story.

Consumption there has held steady at around 40,000,000 pounds a year since the war. When an American gives up smoking, he turns to chewing gum, it seems.

After The Party 500 Chicks Vanished...

London. The party down on the poultry farm began with 100 guests, a skiffle group, and beer for all. But the three o'clock rock ended with 300 more guests and 500 fewer chickens on the farm.

The chickens had vanished. It was a 21st birthday party given by Charles Curtis, stepson of farm manager Mr John Lusk.

Mr and Mrs Lusk were away on a Continental holiday on the Saturday Charles invited 100 friends to the old barn at High Clendon Farm, near Guildford. There were 225 worth of beer and sandwiches for 100. But the friends brought their friends, until 400 people were listening to the skiffle rhythm.

Woolies To Last 800 Years!

London. A top secret of the British War Office has been revealed—they have a stock of long, woollen pants sufficient to last the Women's Royal Army Corps for 800 years!

The secret has been revealed in a report by the House of Commons Public Accounts Committee—the country's "watch-dog" on Government spending. According to the report, the surplus of "women's pants, long, woollen" was first mentioned by Labour MP Victor Collins in questions to Sir Edward Playfair, of the War Office.

BUCK PASSING
He asked: "Are the women's pants with or without elastic?" Sir Edward replied: "I think without elastic, but I have not inquired enough to say!"

When Sir Edward added that the pants were being offered to other Government departments, another MP asked: "Doesn't that come under the heading of passing the buck?"

Sir Edward replied it was normal procedure to offer a department's surplus goods to other Ministries before disposing of them on the open market.

Members of the Women's Royal Army Corps could not help solve the mystery. One WRAC said: "Only, some War Office 'blimp' would know what we could do with long, woollen pants without elastic!"

'The Guvnor' Was Only 15 Years Old

London. When "the guvnor" tells his parents it's time they went to bed, they walk obediently into their bedroom.

Then he locks up the house. He never eats with them but always waits for his mother to serve him in a separate room. He opens all his father's letters and tells his mother not to speak to him unless spoken to.

A London court was told last week that "the guvnor" is a 15-year-old boy. His name was not revealed in court when he was charged with playing with truant.

The boy's mother said he was "shy." The judge, putting the boy on a month's probation, said he doubted it—United Press.

Teen-aged Blackmail Experts

Manchester. Two 12-year-old boys admitted in court recently that they were blackmailers.

The boys, whose names were withheld because of their age, admitted a charge for which they were brought to court and asked for three similar cases to be considered.

After they pleaded guilty to demanding "an shilling" with menaces, with intent to steal, from a third 12-year-old boy, one was remanded pending a decision whether to send him to an approved school and the other was conditionally discharged.

Details of how they planned to blackmail the boy were not disclosed—United Press.

FLOOK



IS A NAVY FLYER

London. Flook went to sea last week with 831 Squadron in HMS Ark Royal.

To the pilots who fly and the men who maintain the squadrons Wyvern single-out, strike aircraft. Flook, R.N., is much more than a unit mascot or a sort of gimmick.

He's a real being, an engaging character. When he went on board the carrier, moored below the North Bridge to wish him and his menmates good hunting in the operations, I was in time to see the fun issue.

There at the head of a queue of sailors holding various receptacles was Flook himself, making sure of his lot.

ON EVERY PLANE
Lieut.-Comdr. Philip Switlingbank, from Clare, Suffolk, senior pilot of 831, kept an eye on him. "We don't like letting him out of sight if we can help it," he said.

Said the squadron's C.O., Lieut.-Comdr. Stanley Farquhar from Birmingham: "Everyone is very Flook conscious."

Flook's picture is painted on all No. 831 aircraft and on the pilots' flying helmets as well—with one exception, which has a Gurk instead.

Sub-Lieutenant Gerald Smith, 21, from Rugby, did the painting.

Flook goes around with sailors on their journeys between their home station and the ship. "On the way back from Loughmoe last summer we took him for a walk in Aberdeen," said Chief Petty Officer M. Cross, of Bath. "He caused quite a stir in the streets."

THE DUKE'S HONOUR The Goons Enter The Lists

London. The Duke of Edinburgh has appointed Britain's three craziest comedians to defend his honour in a game of tiddlywinks.

They will ride into battle in full armour to refute a suggestion that the Duke cheats at this ancient and honourable table game.

Spike Milligan, goon-in-chief, said that his radio and television team had been appointed champions following a slight on the Royal dignity.

WERE SHOCKED

He explained that a weekly British magazine, "The Spectator," published an article recently suggesting the Duke cheated at tiddlywinks.

[The article was written in fulsome vein and was a criticism of numerous books and Press reports pretending to have "inside knowledge" of Royal affairs.]

Chief goon Milligan said: "The Cambridge University Tiddlywinks Club read this article, were shocked and wrote to the Duke about it."

"They challenged the Duke to a game of tiddlywinks played under fair rules which allowed no chance of cheating."



Spike Milligan

"The Duke wrote back from the Palace saying that it was not customary for royalty to accept challenges of that kind, but to appoint a champion."

"The club asked the Duke for a champion, but he gave them the right of choice and we were selected."

A GAUNTLET

Milligan declared that a gauntlet had been thrown down in modern style—sent express through the mails.

In medieval times, a knight would accept a challenge to fight by throwing down a gauntlet above, at the foot of his opponent.

The Goon leader added: "We intend to do battle in full armour, and to ride into Cambridge on chargers."



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This is not really an advertisement but having won the Macau Grand Prix twice in two years with Mercedes-Benz really does prove something—don't you think?

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



QUEEN ELIZABETH spent the weekend of her 10th wedding anniversary at Romsey. She is seen at Romsey Abbey, Hampshire, the church which she and Prince Philip attended 10 years ago on honeymoon.

Trying to get rid of a pen pal whose letters were too amorous, British actress Hazel Court wrote to say she had no picture of herself to send him, but that her vital statistics were 29-38-46. There were no more letters. Hazel looked like this when she told the story over television.



Frank Worrell, West Indian cricketer, applies himself to new arts. He has begun studying economics at Radcliffe, Lancashire.



The "Is she Indian? Is she Welsh?" bride of Marlon Brando . . . Anna Kashfi has announced she expects a baby next July.



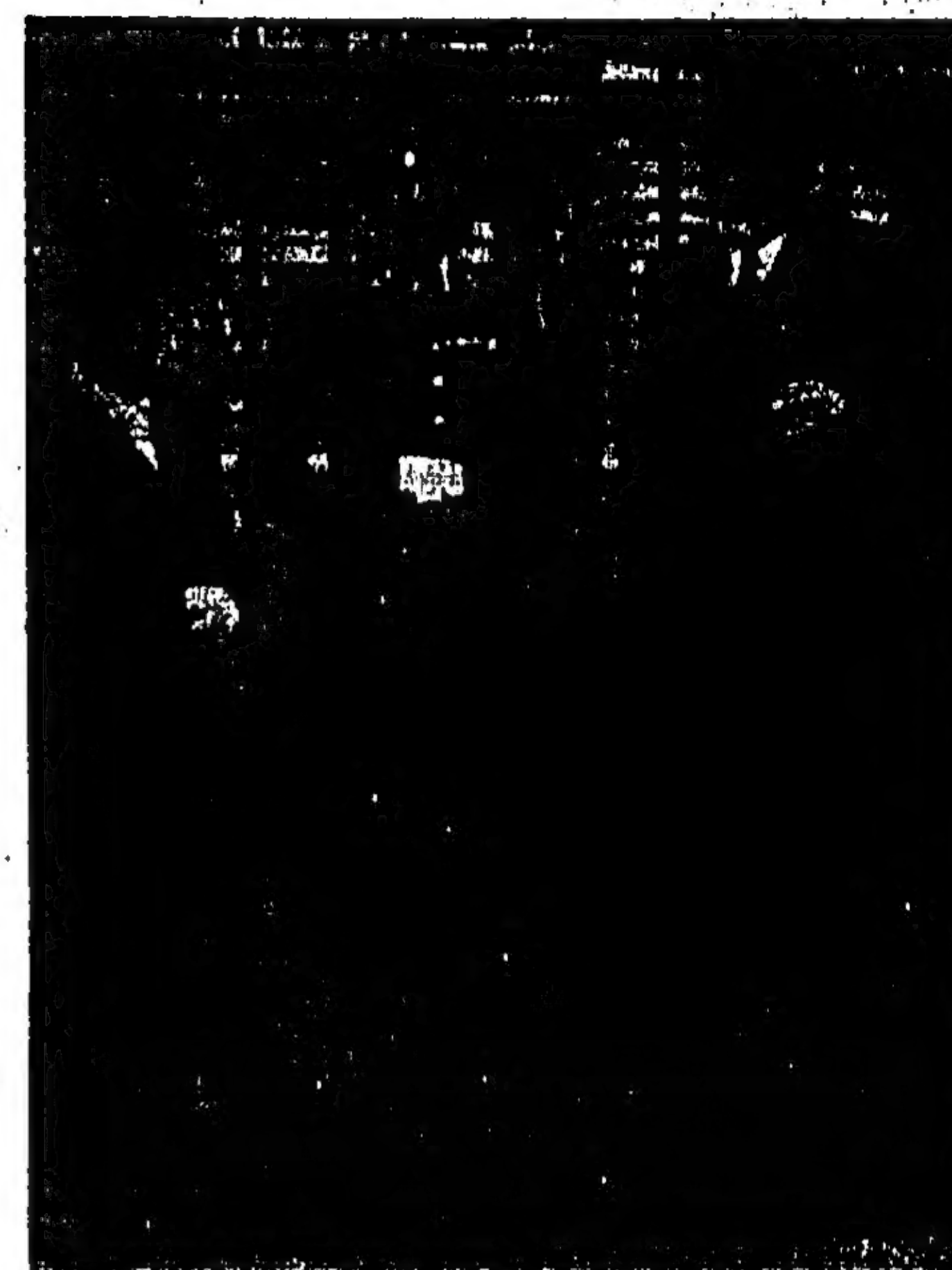
Says Bavan, Foreign Secretary of the Shadow Cabinet, on his return from the US: "It would be a mistake to postpone negotiations with the Russians until the US have produced some gadget that makes them once more a equal with the Russians."

Outside Buckingham Palace with father and sister after her investiture by the Queen with "The Royal Red Cross" . . . Major Lillian Tibbs Q.A.R.A.N.C., Matron of the Military Families' Hospital, Bovington.

Ingrid Bergman relaxes from her own domestic upheaval, in which she broke from Italian producer-husband Rossellini, to make a film with Cary Grant—called "Indiscreet."

Michael Marmajewsky (25) stepped out of Brixton Prison and said: "Twenty-five days. It was like a dream." It was the end of a five-year bid to escape from Poland. He arrived as an illegal immigrant.

"Grace" an automatic dial for trunk calls in Britain is described as "a card index style automatic operator."



Inbal, the national ballet and dance theatre of Israel opens a season in Edinburgh where three of the company are seen in a scene from the show.

Clifford Beck, walking home on Monday night picked up a brief case in the middle of a road in Hampstead. It contained secret letters from the Ministry of Supply to a firm producing British rocket motors.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREES



A TEA TIME TREAT

ZANIES OF THE RING—8

KING LEVINSKY

By GILBERT ODD

THEY come no screwier than King Levinsky, nicknamed the Kingfish because he was originally a fish porter in the big Chicago market before someone got the idea that he might turn him into the first Jewish heavyweight champion of the world since the days of Daniel Mendoza.

It was a forlorn hope. Levinsky had the wallop to win his way to the top; he was tough enough to take all that came to him en route, but he didn't have the savvy to make the most of his physical gifts.

He was poorly and roughly brought up in the Bronx district of New York. When still a child his parents moved into Chicago, and in due course the boy was sent to work in the fish market.

Humming the boxes and basket of fish around packed muscles and developed into on his big frame. But although he grew rapidly into man-size he remained a kid from the mental aspect.

Simple and unselfish, his fellow-workers made fun of him but he took it all in good part. One day they kidded him to take up boxing.

The club instructor could see at a glance that here was someone big and strong enough to go places in the fight game. If only he could be taught how to move and punch.

But soon he could see that to attempt to turn this kid into an orthodox boxer was a sheer waste of time. He had him go his own sweet way with the result that he lost his first 12 amateur bouts one after the other.

"You'd better go in for baseball son," said the instructor. "You might hit someone with a bat in your hand."

A pinpoint swing

Disappointed he picked up his gear and left the club. Learning against the wall outside was Al Miller, a professional fight manager.

"I've been waiting for you," he said. "You're Harry Krakow, I think?" The boy nodded. "Come down to my place, kid, and I'll show you how to box."

Swiftness they changed them over and in the next round the happy Levinsky wound up his big right, let it go, and won by a knockout.

Levinsky liked all the fighters of his own experience in quick fashion, then he was sent among men of better class. Once or twice he came unshaken against a clever mover but usually he won in spectacular style.

The fans began to crush in whenever he was billed to fight.

Queen Lena

The King's boxing didn't improve, but his confidence and vanity grew. Soon he cut his self-applied name of Kingfish down to King. "Call me da King," he'd say. "It sounds like I'm da champ."

Miller told out to Ray Alvis and Levinsky was moved up into higher society. His colourful fighting, his natural clowning and the way the fans liked him soon had the newspaper boys chasing him for a story.

He never disappointed them. "Watcha think," he told one. "When I'm training some pink wants to know why I'm boxing with a bare head. 'Bare head?' I says, 'I got hair, ain't I?' Den it turns out he is talking about a head-guard. I don't like dem things. I can't feel da punches."

Manager Alvis did not last long. After a very important fight with Tuffy Griffiths in Chicago, Levinsky returned home with 4,000 dollars and tossed it on the table.

"Not bad for lickin' dat bum even though he got da decision," he told his parents and sister, Lena.

"Not enough," she snapped. "How come dat Griffiths got 25,000 dollars? I read it in the papers tonight. I'm going to see your manager in the morning."

She did. "You're no good for the King," she told him. "You're a manager like I'm the Queen of Sheba. Hiceneorth and from now on I'm managing him."

Jumping Jane

Soon she became as picturesque a figure at the fights as her fast becoming famous brother. She would hurl abuse at his opponents and encourage him to the King. She was always bubbling up from her ringside seat to certain something a someone. They called her Jumping Jane.

When her brother fought Walter Newell in New York she was irrefragable.

"Hit him in the belly, baby boy," she yelled. "Give him the thumb, brother. Are you blind or not? You see he's fouling the King?"

And when the decision was given against her brother she saw red. Jumping into the ring she assaulted the referee and tried to attack Newell. It took three policemen to remove her.

Twist-Feet

"What the blazes is the matter with you, you big ox?" roared Miller, when his fighter came back to his corner.

"It's dem feet of mine," explained Levinsky. "Dey's hurtin' me like hell. I think I have twisted dem."

His manager took a look at the King's pedal extremities. "You dumbell!" he screamed. "You've got your boots on the wrong feet."

Swiftly they changed them over and in the next round the happy Levinsky wound up his big right, let it go, and won by a knockout.

But Murder

When Jack Dempsey was making a come-back in 1932 he unwisely engaged Levinsky in an exhibition bout in Chicago. The old Manassa Mauler was too slow to dodge the King's huge swings and at the end of the scheduled four rounds he had been so badly knocked about that the come-back plans were halted there and then.

There was only one fight for which she wouldn't sign, and the King got that himself.

No Sand

The fight with Doyle was lousy. Someone had promised Jack a position for every left he landed and the Irishman merely moved round his rival sticking a long lead in his face.

Levinsky's form wasn't impressive. He went through all the motions but achieved little. The 18-rounder went to a points decision in Doyle's favour.

Back home went the King to have a few more fights. But three quick knock-out defeats at the hands of almost unknown fighters persuaded brother and sister that the

in 23 slaps. I know my boxing form, baby boy—we'll take Louis after some other fighter's made a bum of him."

But the King wasn't satisfied. "Dix Brown Bomber is made for me. If you won't make de fight, I'll go see Mike Jacobs myself."

"You go honey," said Leaping Lena. "I'll catch you when he loses yo out."

But the big promoter didn't dismiss the King so summarily. He was finding it hard to get opponents in the build-up of Louis. Levinsky was a big draw in Chicago. Why not put it on there.

"So you think you can lick Louis?" he asked.

"If you make dis match you'll never forget it," promised the King.

Jacobs remembered it to his dying day.

Everything went well until the night of the fight. The preliminaries were in progress when someone came to Jacobs in a panic.

What Shot?

"The King's got the jitters," he howled. "We can't get him on his feet to undress him. He's as cold as if he's been dead for hours."

"Put the main event in next," ordered Mike. "Have Louis in the ring as soon as these two birds have finished. I'll fix Levinsky."

What methods were used to get the King into the ring remained a mystery. But, surrounded by four seconds, he was trotted along to the ring, pushed up the steps, and thrust on to his stool.

The ceremonies were cut to the barest minimum. The song was out and out came Louis. Levinsky shot from his corner as if fired from a gun to be met by a stiff left jab that sent him reeling into the ropes.

For the next minute all the King did was to take it. He offered no defence and suddenly dropped to his knees. He seemed to be imploring Joe not to strike him any more.

Amidst boos of derision he was counted out. Jacobs watched spellbound. And he had the nerve to ask for this fight," he growled.

That was the end for Levinsky in big-time boxing. Lena had to go out of New York and Chicago for matches, and the King lost as many as he won.

Then came an offer to fight Jack Doyle at Wembley. The big Irishman had been a flop in America and Levinsky fancied the job.

No Sand

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Although he had earned a quarter of a million dollars in the eight years he was fighting Levinsky finished up broke. If he was a king at all, it was as a spender. The way he ran through his purses made Maxie Rosenbloom and Max Baer, notorious squanders, appear like a pair of misers.

He tried all-in wrestling, but after he had forgotten where he was and knocked out a few opponents the mat game didn't want him any more.

So Levinsky went round the country selling flat. He found plenty of people willing to buy one after listening to his colourful patter.

Like many prominent fighters he had matrimonial troubles. During the Chicago Fair he met a glamorous bubble dancer named Roxanne Carmine.

They took one look at each other and decided to get married straight away. But it wasn't a success. Some time later the secured a divorce from her fighter-husband, because every night he would insist on eating pickled herrings—in bed!

But the only woman really in the King's heart was sister Lena. She bullied him at times, was even known to give him a black-eye on occasions, but she loved and molasses him and he was lost without her.

A few years ago he was driving from one big town to another on his tie-selling round when a speed-cop overtook him and signalled for him to turn in to the side of the road.

No More

"Are you King Levinsky?" asked the policeman.

Wondering what law he had broken unwittingly, the King admitted that he was none other.

"You're to telephone to Chicago immediately," he was told. He did so as soon as he got to a garage.

Getting the required number, he said who he was and listened. Then he hung up and took out a handkerchief. "Bad news?" asked the garage man. "Anything I can do?"

"Tanis," no," answered Levinsky. "Nobody can do nuttin' now Lena's gone. The Queen's dead and I ain't the King no more."

PURE RED

BRITAIN'S Communist Party, never numerically robust, took a beating after Russia's brutal suppression of the Hungarian rising last year.

About a fifth of their registered members decided they could not keep up with the moral acrobatics demanded of strict party-liners.

Now we are about to have demonstrated how permanent or otherwise was the disgust that forced them to turn in their party tickets.

The annual membership re-registration campaign has been launched, and an appeal has gone out to all members to bring in new recruits.

After last year's "post-Hungary" re-registration party membership dropped to 27,000 and it is believed there have been many more resignations since then.

But while the prospects for Britain's Communists are not bright, their opponents cannot afford to sit snugly back and contemplate their political death throes. For the defections following Russian brutality in Hungary have left the Communist Party here composed of unencumbered fanatical loyalists.

And, although unrepresented in Parliament, the Communists are still influential in the trade unions that matter.

NEWS FROM BRITAIN

by Peter Burgoyne

ON the strength of a popular opinion survey a London newspaper has concluded that Mr Harold Macmillan is the least liked British premier since Neville Chamberlain.

At the same time, M.P.s in the lobbies at Westminster have been heard to say that Mr Macmillan is beginning to show signs of the strain implicit in the premiership.

The latest inspiration for their conjecture is the snappish way the Prime Minister dealt with Opposition leader Hugh Gaitskell in the House a few days ago.

To a point raised by Mr Gaitskell on doctors' and dentists' salaries, Mr Macmillan retorted: "Only the right honourable gentleman would make so foolish a supposition."

This stung Mr Gaitskell to snap back that the Premier was "as usual, rude and arrogant."

Despite Mr Gaitskell's understandably hard words, the Premier's remark was not typical of his usual urbane self. And it is this fact that has prompted members of the House to seek another explanation for it.

Many seem to have overlooked the very obvious explanation—that Mr Macmillan's acerbity was voiced in the unmistakable tones of one suffering from a heavy cold.

And he is sufficiently old a political hand not to be stampeded by any statistical conclusions about his popularity. So changeable are the currents of politics that almost overnight he could become one of the most popular prime ministers since Chamberlain. After all, in the immediate febrile relief that followed the 1933 Munich debacle there had never been a more popular premier than "the umbrella man."

What is more, few premiers have so obviously enjoyed the onerous office as the present incumbent.

It is unlikely, therefore, that Mr Macmillan will voluntarily relinquish office.

And only three other external factors could remove him before a general election. First, a thumping parliamentary defeat at the hands of the Socialists. Second, an almighty schism in the ranks of the parliamentary Tories. Third, reasons of health.

The first is virtually impossible. Of the second there is no hint. And as for the third, a bad head cold does not make a chronic invalid.

Whether Mr Macmillan survives the next general election is another matter. But, until then, all the signs in London are that he will keep tight grip on the reins.

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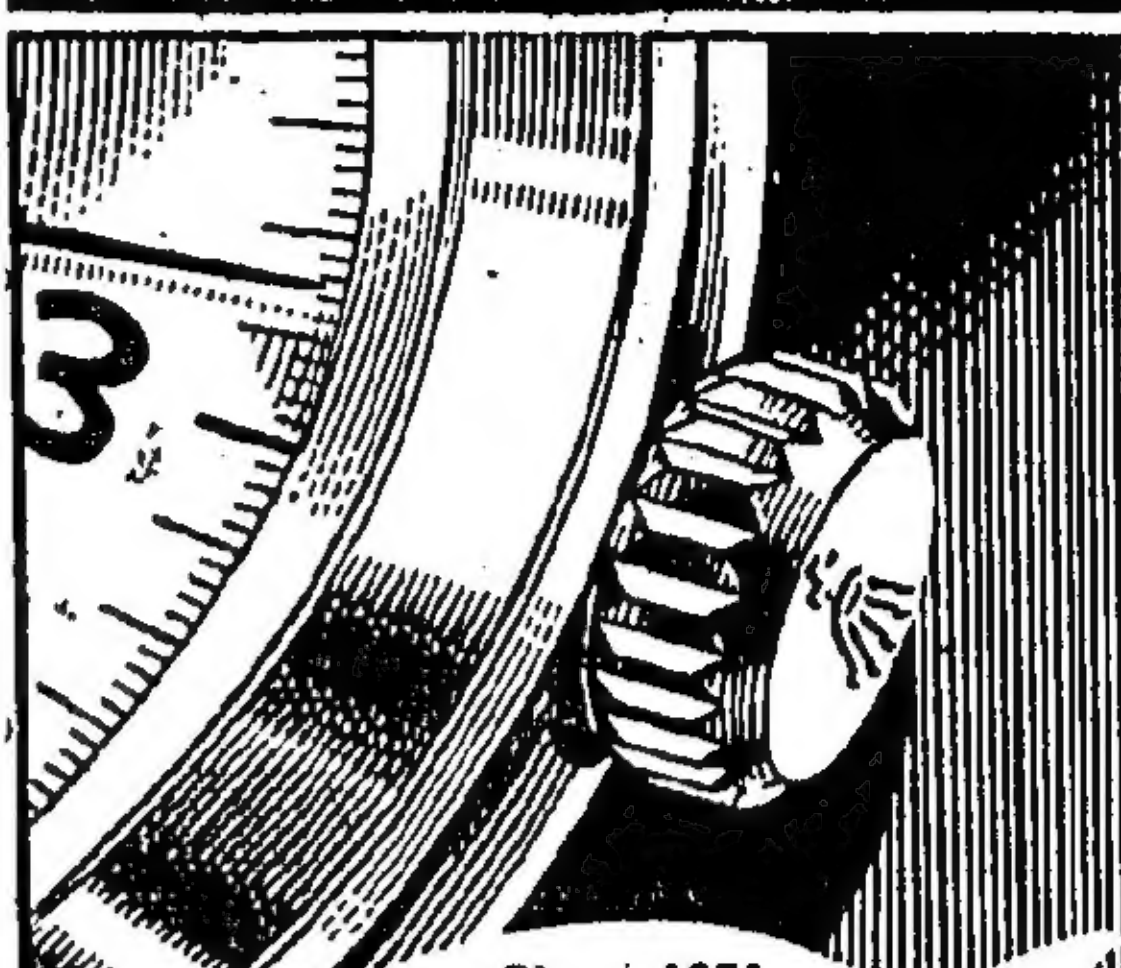
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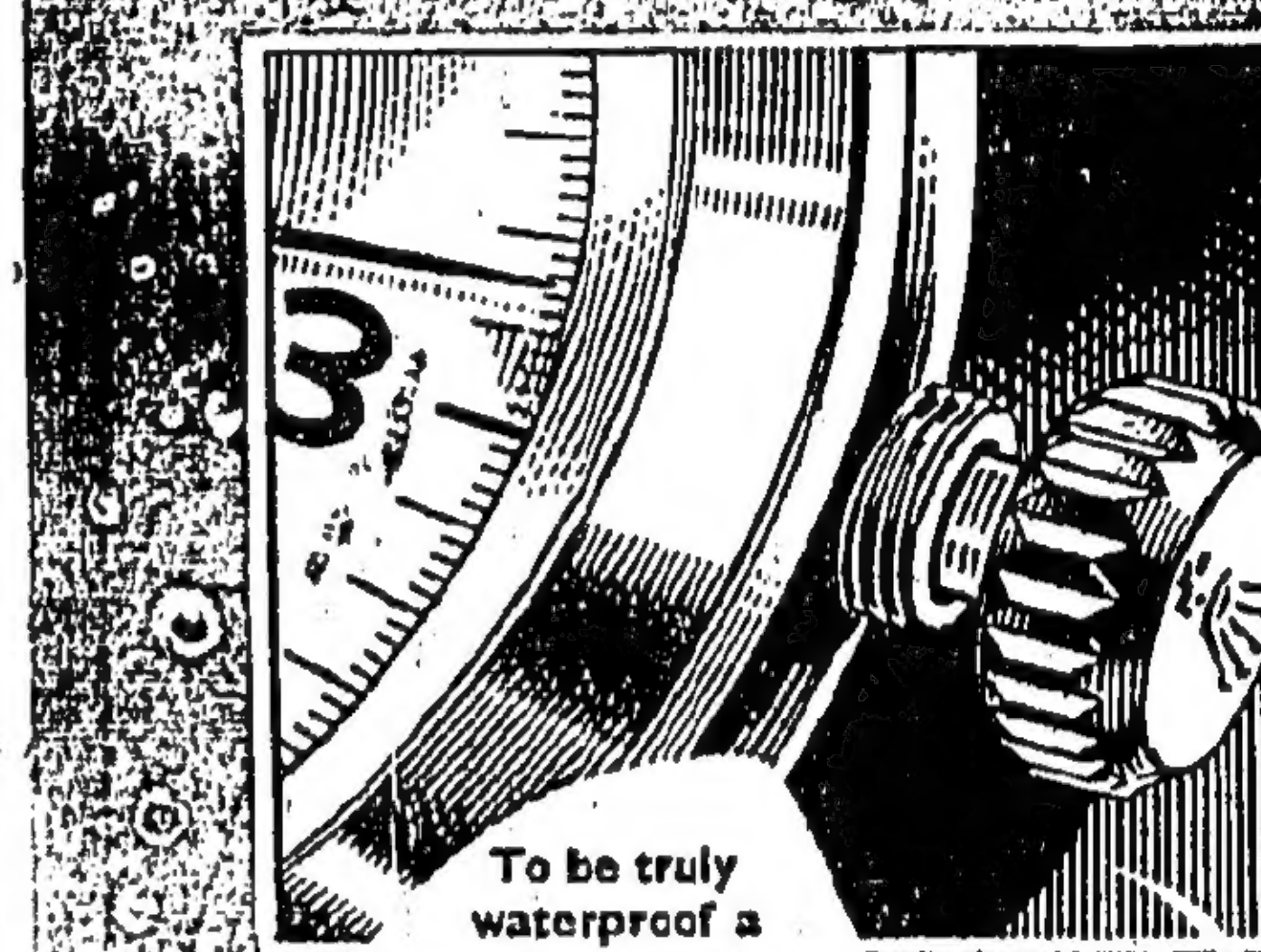
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27 fathoms down

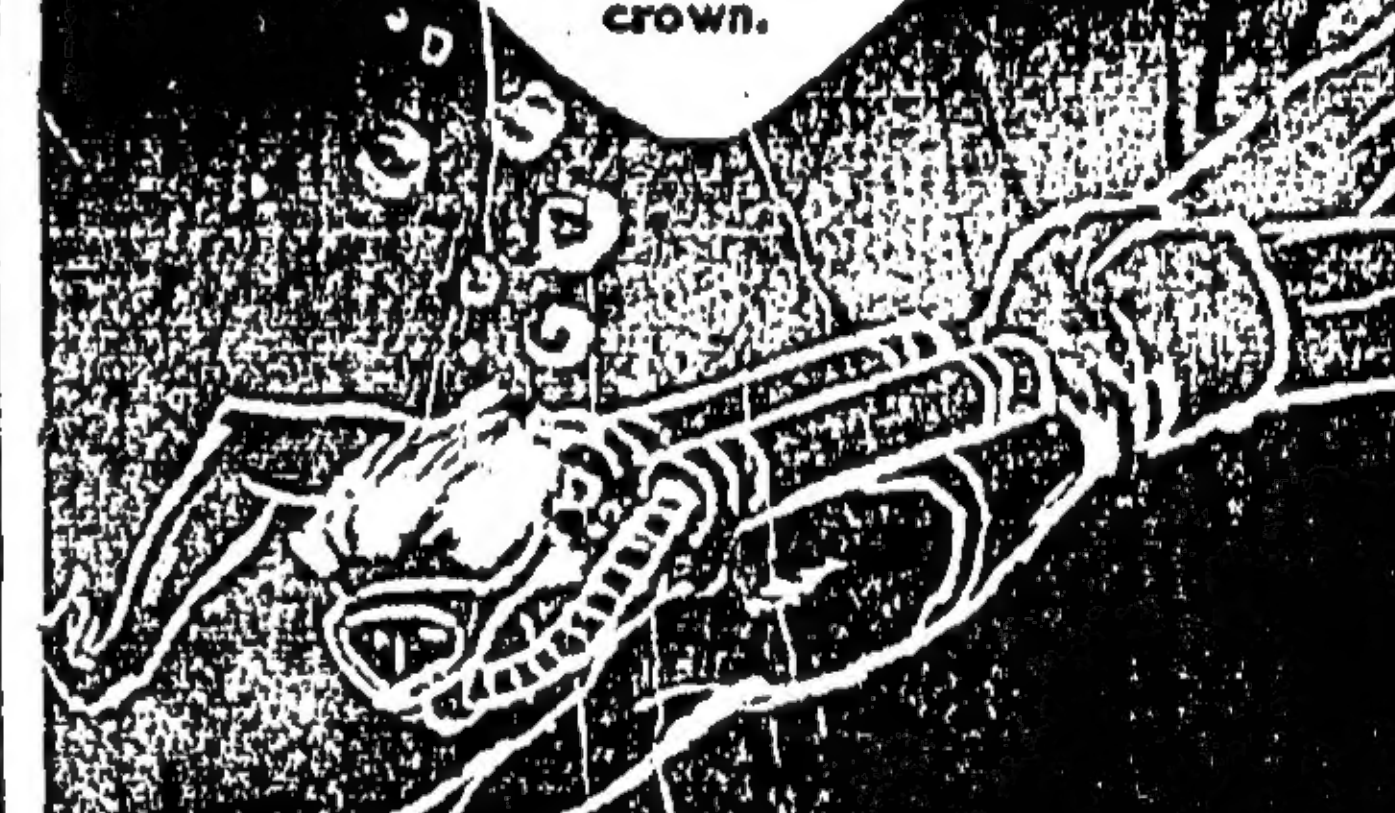
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**WHO
influences
WHOM
10 years
after?**

THIS IS Part 1 of "THE TEN YEAR MILESTONE OF MARRIAGE," written to mark the tenth anniversary of the Queen's wedding to Prince Philip.

Anne Edwards's tribute to the Queen's determined personality may lead to conclusions which not everyone will endorse... but they are certain to form a basis of fierce discussion.

FOR 10 years I watched her closely. And now, as the 10-year milestone of her marriage goes by, I give it as my verdict that the generally accepted portrait of the Queen is totally out of focus.

This is not just a private opinion, it is reinforced by everyone I have talked to who works with her on the job.

To me the new portrait is both more attractive and professional than the old.

So much is written about her sweet expression and radiant smile. I have watched her when the famous smile fades, and in its place is a far more interesting face—a keen, questioning look like Queen Mary's.

Rodlike back

SO MUCH is said about her slender, fragile figure bending under its burden of State, but I have watched her often—as on

10 YEARS LATER... Myself, I think a lot of nonsense is talked about the Queen being 'out-weighted' by others... **WHO INFLUENCES WHOM?**

by Anne Edwards

unchanging aura in a world
worried stiff by too much
changing too fast.

Protocol

AND FINALLY there is the impression around that the Queen longs for a more relaxed approach to royalty. In fact, she will not hear of it.

She clings to the protocol and precedence and pomp as part of the divinity that hedges a king, and leaves to Prince Philip the easy-going matryness. Compare these two stories:

The first concerns Prince Philip in New York. Wandering up to a group of journalists he dropped into easy chat with them.

"Tell us, sir," said an American, "are you in favour of freer exchange on atomic information between our two countries?"

Prince Philip turned to him: "Brother," he said, "You're asking me?"

Dignity

THE SECOND concerns the Queen in her own home. A Palace official she had known since she was a child was talking to her with one arm leaning on the mantelpiece. Suddenly she broke off to ask: "Are you tired, Colonel Smith?" "No, ma'am," he said. "Why?" "Because I think," she said, "that you should stand up straight when you are talking to me."

Those who criticise the formula of dignity which she imposes know that her own private personality is so winning. The few personal friends with whom she allows herself to relax emphasise that she can be delightfully informal. Oddly enough the only people who



Drawn
by
ROBB

have been allowed to see this side of her are not her own, but the French and the Americans, who, of course, make far less formal arrangements.

At the Louvre she was jostled and shoved by milling celebrities. But to someone who espoused for the crush she said tactfully: "You don't know how wonderfully different all this is to me. At home I cannot even buy my own newspaper."

Always polite

IN AMERICA there were 12 enchanting minutes when the TV cameras were on the Queen and she didn't know it. "She sat there eating, drinking, laughing, and having fun," said a man who saw it. "She dropped her napkin and nearly bumped her head on the waiter who picked it up. She was a vivacious woman at a dinner party and doing well."

Those who long for this kind of spontaneous picture here should remember that, like all disciplines, the Queen begins with herself. She may insist that all tradespeople bow out backwards, but she is never anything but utterly polite to them. She may not show she's having fun, but she never shows bad temper. "Don't get so annoyed, Philip," she'll say, putting a restraining hand on her husband's arm.

And, if she is never impulsive, she also never makes a blub. It explains why, when Prince Philip picked up a handful of nuts at Gibraltar

and threw them not at the apes but at the Press photographers, the Queen blushed scarlet.

It today too many people underplay the guts she puts into the job, at any rate her husband never has.

Soon after she was engaged she took him with her for a week of official duties. One afternoon, while they were going round a hospital, Prince Philip noticed that the girl at his side suddenly went very white from heat and exhaustion.

The procession stopped and she was led behind a pillar. Anyone else would have fainted, but somehow she pulled herself together. Back in London Prince Philip commented to a friend: "I had never realised her job was like that." He thought for a moment and then added: "It was like taking the middle watch on a very dirty night and having to stay on the bridge indefinitely."

It's that single-minded drive of hers which makes me feel that in this little Queen we may have the making of the greatest.

MONDAY

The happy
compromise
which so
many couples
reach...

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

WHAT'S ALL THE CONFUSION?
IN THE COACH—HOLDUP SCENE—THOSE EXTRAS—THE HIGHWAYMEN—WERE REAL CROOKS—THEY TOOK THE NECKLACE—
WHAT HAPPENED? MR. BANKS? WHAT'S THAT PART OF YOUR MOVIE?
NOT THE WHOLE MEN TOOK THE NECKLACE!
AFTER THOSE MEN, I'LL BET TOPP'S BEYOND THIS!
I THOUGHT IT WAS IN THE MOVIE!
TOPP WAS RIGHT! IT WAS A CINCIN!
WE'RE NOT CLEAR YET! I'LL BEAT YOU AT IT—A QUARTER-MILLION-DOLLAR BEAUTY!
CONTINUED

There's More than Magic in

FRY'S 4-FAVOURITES



They are Delicious

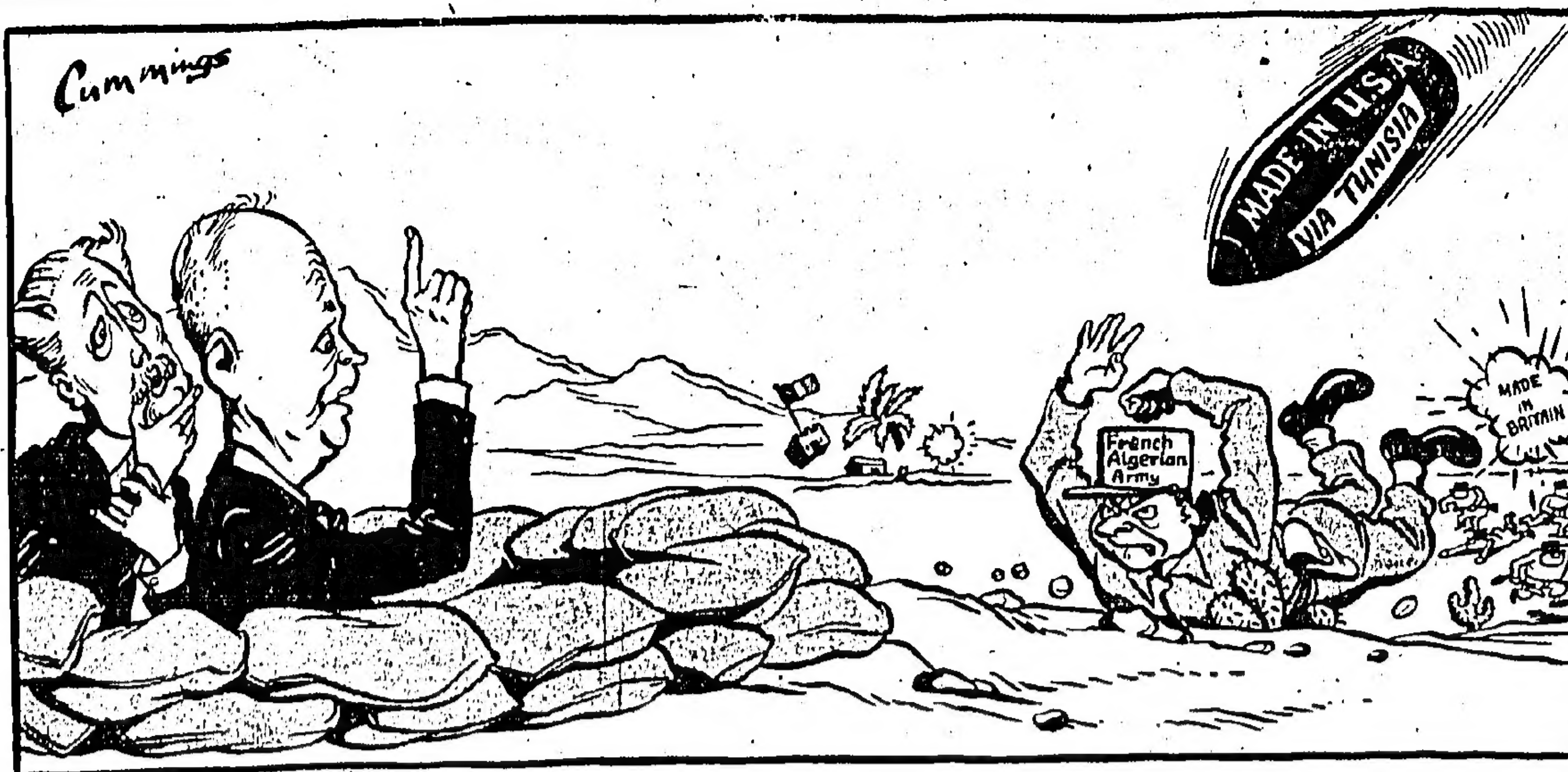
JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins

MISSY KISMET IN REAL TROUBLES... THESE MEN REAL MEAN MUSS! KEE-HAI MUST GET HAZARD-SAN AND MUSSY KITTY FOR HELP!
WHILE AT THE SCENE OF THE A-PLANE SALVAGE OPERATIONS... WELL, THEY'VE GOT THE NOSE-SECTION FREE, KITTY! THEN COMES THE RIDDLE... BUT THE TROUBLE TO HANDLE WILL BE THAT TAIL WITH THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT!
SURE WILL BE TOWN, JOHNNY! HUH? OH, YOU MEAN THE PLANE!
STILL WORRYING 'BOUT KISMET AND GIZMO, KITTY, DARLING? FIGURE SHE'LL RUN OUT ON GIZMO BEFORE HE GETS OUT OF JAIL!
I DON'T KNOW, BABY! I-I THINK SHE LOVES HIM ENOUGH AND NEEDS HIM, BUT... I REALLY DON'T KNOW!

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"But surely, monsieur, it's pleasanter to be blown up by a Western shell than a Communist shell."

Are we too mean with the men at the top?

IS Britain lagging in the revolutionary advance of science and technology, now transforming the world, because we are too mean to the boss? Can it be true that our best hope of regaining the lead lies in handing out much bigger rewards to our scientific and industrial leaders?

Fantastic questions, you may say. How preposterous to suggest that we should pay more to men high in the surtax class when the Government is busily clamping down on pay rises for men and women who have a weekly struggle to make ends meet.

But there are several good reasons why these questions must be taken seriously.

ONE REASON IS THE RED MOON TAUNTING US UP IN THE SKY.

Another is the Tu-14, world's largest turbo-prop airliner, which, with its speed and immense range, is well ahead of any Western aircraft.

Another is Russia's huge turbo-prop helicopter which puts the West's best helicopters to shame.

THERE are also Russia's long-range, rocket-carrying submarines, her atomic-powered ice breaker, her growing threat to Britain's overseas markets in heavy machinery and industrial equipment.

ALL THESE ADD UP TO AN ACHIEVEMENT SO MIGHTY THAT ANYONE FORECASTING IT A FEW YEARS AGO WOULD HAVE BEEN WRITTEN OFF AS MENTALLY UNBALANCED. Does it mean then that Communism has already won the fight for the future? Does it prove that the one-class ideas of Marx and Lenin work out better in practice than our own free enterprise principles? Far from it.

IT is true, of course, that in the days of Stalin we were led to believe that there was no great difference between the boss and the humblest labourer. In that workers' paradise material reward counted for little. Everyone was content to sweat and toil for the greater glory of Communism.

That was the legend. But how different are the facts. The Russians now admit that if you want to progress scientifically and industrially at an unmatched speed there is nothing to beat that old capitalist device—hard cash. Money jingling in the pocket is the greatest incentive of all.

BECAUSE of the artificial rouble-pound exchange rate it is difficult to make a straight comparison between pay rates in Russia and Britain.

But British steelmen who have visited Russia calculate that the manager of an average-sized steel plant receives a reward equal to £12,000 a year in Britain. And if output goes up

UNDER-PAYING OUR SCIENTISTS CAN END OUR HOPES IN THE RACE TO THE STARS

he gets an old-fashioned capitalist bonus on top.

It is pretty safe to say that no manager of such a steel plant in Britain has a pay packet of that size. Indeed, there are managing directors who draw much less.

In the coal industry the story is much the same. Management of a group of pits—a job rated at about £3,000 a year in Britain—is worth nearly £10,000 in Russia. Why, even our own Sir James Bowden, who as boss of the Coal Board is responsible for all the pits in Britain, is paid only £7,500 a year.

And when you turn to science the contrast is even more startling.

Dr Kurt Mendelssohn, of Oxford University, has revealed that a top-class physicist is paid up to 30,000 roubles a month. That is nominally equal to £32,000 a year in our money.

But a more accurate picture is given by Mendelssohn's calculation that in Britain a good physicist receives seven times as much as an unskilled labourer. In Russia he gets 25 times as much.

So can there be any doubt about the reasons for Russia's triumphs? Brains are treated like any other commodity. By paying a high price for them an abundant supply is assured where they can be used to greatest advantage.

In Russia today the old egalitarian ideas have been buried. In their place are pay differentials wider probably than in any country in the world.

BUT in Britain? Here the differentials between the highest-paid and the lowest-paid have been steadily closing.

It is beyond dispute that most of the men at the top of industry and the professions are worse off than before the war. But the wage-earners and many of the lower-paid salary earners have improved their position.

Nationalisation has been a big influence in this contraction. Take a single example from the railways.

In the old days when the Great Western was the best railway in Britain, its general manager was paid £12,000 a year. Then came the State take-over. The general manager was replaced by a chief regional engineer and the chief operating superintendent. Pay for this job was fixed at £8,000 a year.

The result of this, of course, was to fix much too low a ceiling for the top executives—men like the chief mechanical engineer and the chief operating superintendent. Need you wonder, there was a feeling of

frustration? That incentive burned much less keenly? Can you be surprised that the railways have given such deplorable service?

This sort of thing runs through all the State-owned industries. And Government service itself is riddled with anomalies.

From long tradition the man who looks after our beer duties and tobacco tax is paid £4,000. But would you regard this job as more important than that of the Controller of Guided Missiles, a man on whom Britain's security largely depends?

Yet the Government pays Mr Cockburn, the holder of this post, only £4,250 a year.

And our top scientific brains of all, Sir William Penney, and Sir John Cockcroft, are paid only on a par with the Customs and Excise boss—£6,000 a year.

Now it may be true that neither of these men is personally ambitious. They may be content with their pay and the honours—knighthoods, and honorary degrees—but have been showered on them. Their own contribution to Britain's scientific advance might not be increased in the slightest if their pay were doubled.

But that is not the point. The overwhelmingly important thing is this:

THE PAY OF THE MAN AT THE TOP FIXES A CEILING FOR EVERYONE BELOW HIM.

This is equally true of the Atomic Energy Authority, the nationalised industries, the Civil Service, and free enterprise industry.

WHAT is the result of paying the man at the top too little? Simply this. The young executives and managers, the young scientists and technicians, are squeezed between a low ceiling and a rising floor.

They do not work as hard as they might. They stop to do a first-class job is lacking. There is little or no financial incentive to spur men into seeking promotion. They are tempted to look abroad for jobs with brighter prospects.

A Government-appointed committee recognised this when it urged more pay for the top men in the electricity industry—not because they were hard-pressed to make ends meet but because of the stimulus it would give to the technicians and junior executives.

FOR the same reason the Government has handed out an extra £50 a week to Sir Harold Smith, head of the gas industry. He probably did not need it, but his move up the scale has enabled the pay of the 12 area gas board chairmen to be raised by £2,000 a year.

If the Government thinks this right for the gas men, why not also for the far more important atomic experts? Why not try the same tonic for the higher-grade scientists and technicians in its own employ? Industry would soon be forced to follow its example.

The widening of pay differentials—especially if it were combined with less steeply graded taxation—could soon transform the outlook for Britain.

FOR how can you get the best results when the young men on whom the country's future depends live in a state of constant financial frustration?

Worried whether they can afford to get married... others worried whether they can afford to send their children to the right schools... others whether they can shoulder the burden of buying a house.

All these frustrations would disappear if they knew that each rung up the ladder brought an adequate additional reward. And

that, of course, can be achieved only if the man with the biggest pay packet moves up several rungs himself.

Certainly there is a great deal more we can learn from the Sputnik than merely trying to find out what sort of fuel sent it soaring into outer space.

by
Bernard Harris

HONGKONG EXPORTER and Far Eastern Importer

By C. M. Wolosh, Duddell Street, Hongkong

THE eleventh post-war edition of The Hongkong Exporter and Far Eastern Importer contains within its 292 pages all that can be known about business in Hongkong in particular, and the Far East in general.

It is well got up and excellently finished. Its print is clear and bold, and its classification and indexing of a nature that will appeal to the business man who wants to find out as much as he can in the shortest time possible. On pages 5 and 7 is given a complete and alphabetically arranged index of products and firms associated with the Colony, also, of course, professional consultants resident within Hongkong.

Beginning with Advertising Consultants, the list works its way through Belts and Gears, to Ginger and Zippers.

Included within its pages are a number of well-written articles dealing with the various aspects of the Colony's economy. The Hongkong Exporter and Far Eastern Importer is a veritable Who's Who of Hongkong's Commercial World, names of old concerns alongside names of firms and products more recent to the Colony's history.

Optimism Justified

Particularly interesting is the foreword from the publisher, C. M. Wolosh, whose optimistic report is quite justified by the facts he presents.

On the other hand, the Statement of the Chairman of the General Committee to members of the Hongkong General Chamber of Commerce, is not so encouraging.

He says, among other things, "we are still very much in the wood and until such time as we are permitted to trade more freely with our natural market, the Mainland of China, in the wood we shall remain."

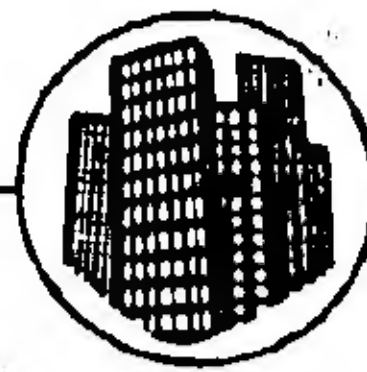
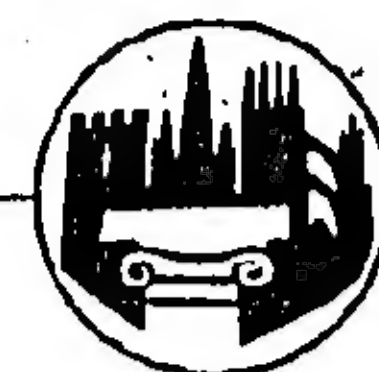
But from the contents of the admirable publication all that can be gathered is a note of optimism. With the details of Hongkong's commerce, this must be one of the brightest publications of its kind. It is absolutely a must for all who trade in Hongkong and all who trade with Hongkong.

The Hongkong Exporter and Far Eastern Importer can be obtained from: Wolosh Enterprises, 8, Duddell Street, Hongkong.

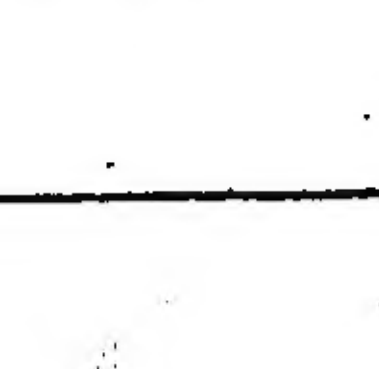
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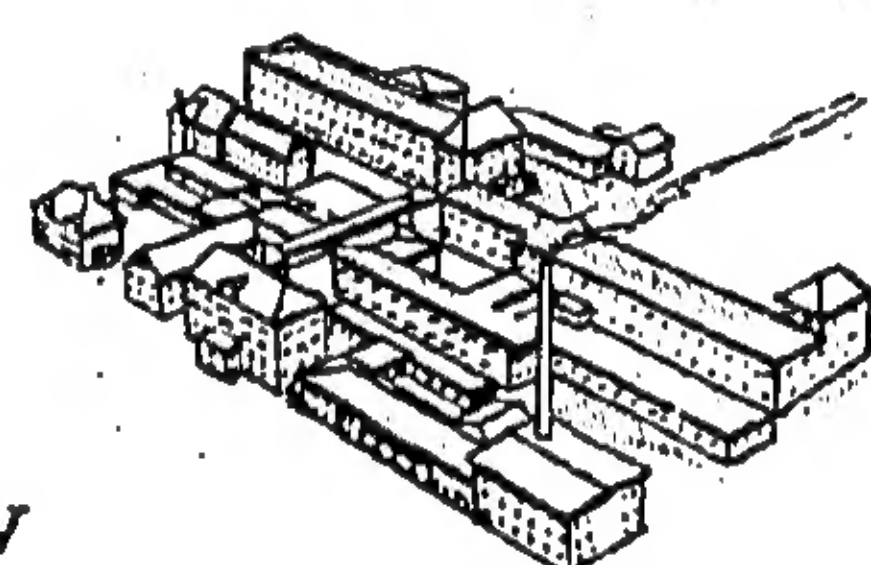
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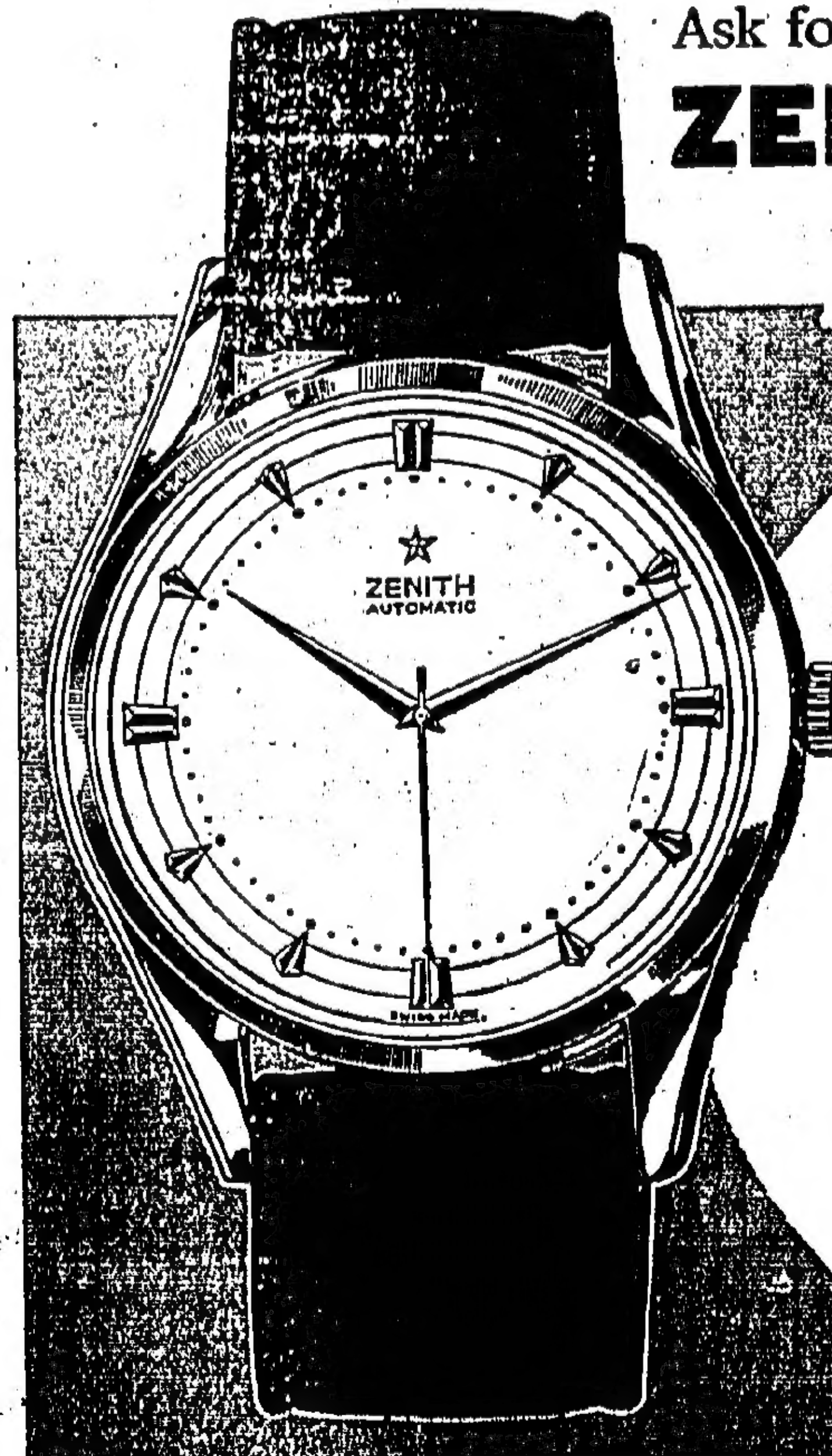
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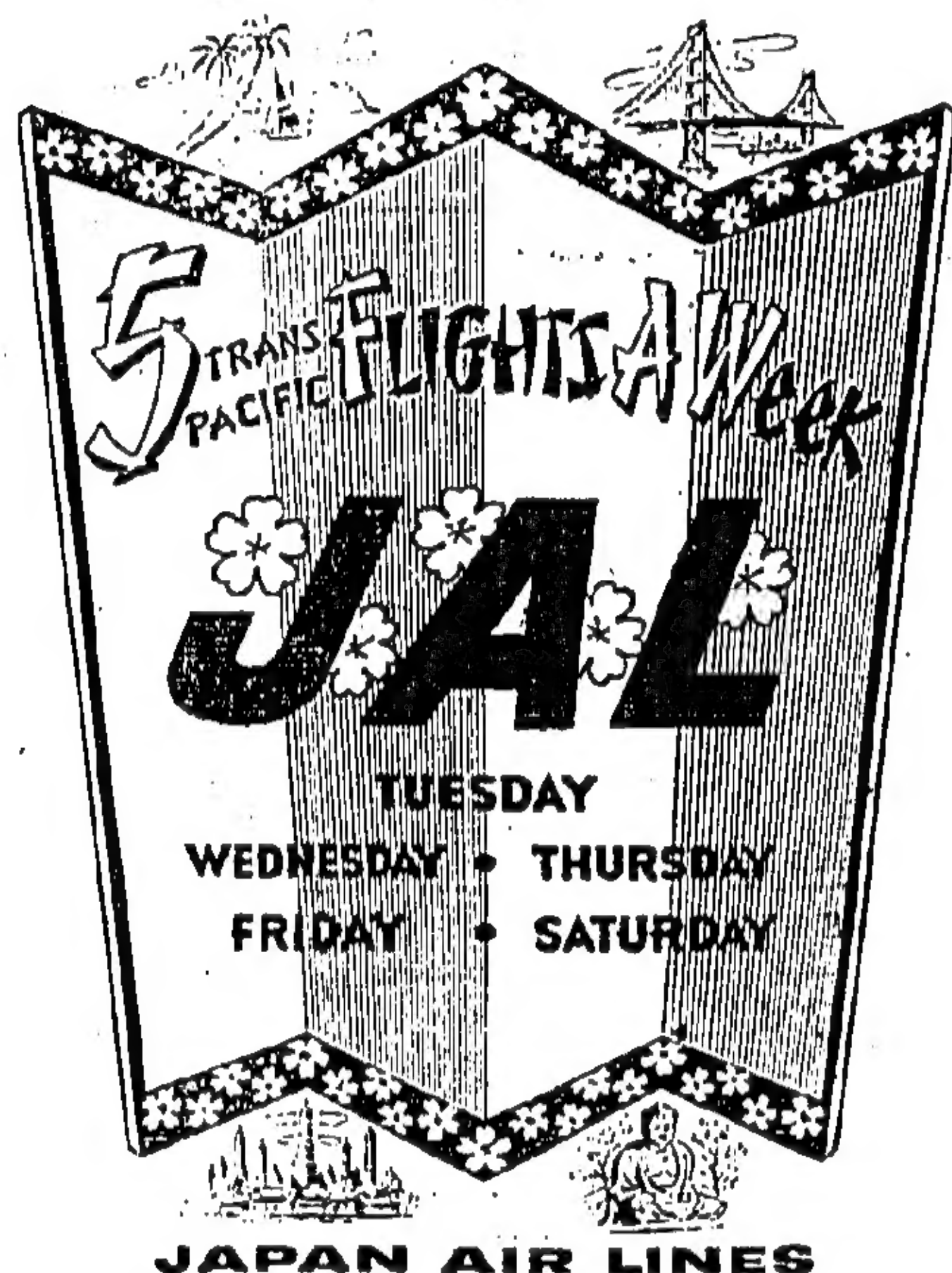
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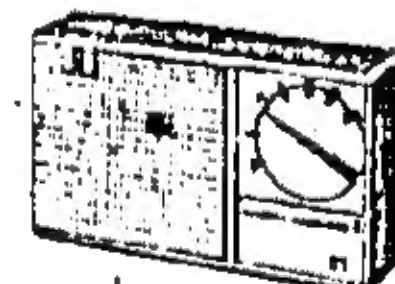
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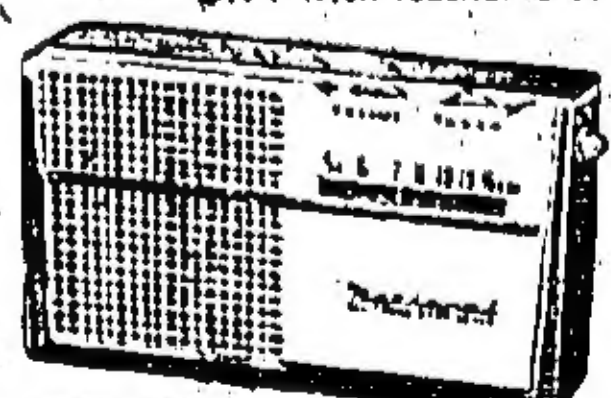
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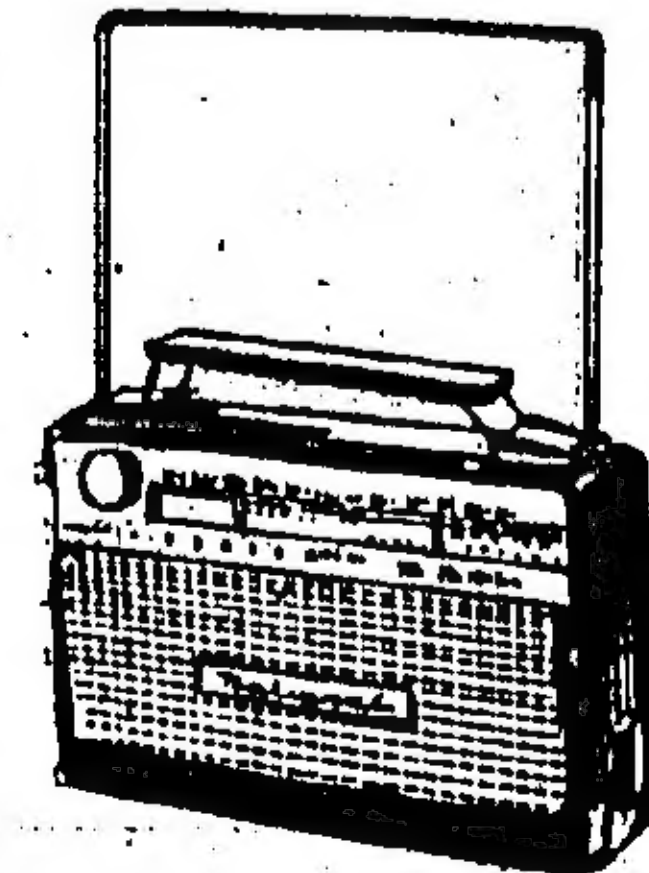
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RODERICK MANN'S show business



Dinner with the two stars in the news... and a spot of psychiatry.
comes along with the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding



DEBUT FOR SUZY

I have had an advance look at the film in which former model Suzy Parker makes her acting debut—Kiss Them For Me. And I predict big things for her. She has the cool, impersonal beauty of Grace Kelly. The only jarring note is her voice, which is a little high.

Already two more films are lined up for her.



Dr. GRANT'S CURE SOOTHES INGRID

I HAD invited Cary Grant to dinner and he wanted to know if he could bring along a friend and I said Yes and he turned up with Ingrid Bergman.

The evening started off in lively fashion, with Grant's Rolls-Royce being pursued through Belgravia by a carful of French photographers.

"This," observed Grant, as we jumped a series of traffic lights, "reminds me of the car chase in *To Catch A Thief*. Pity Hitchcock isn't directing. We could switch cars somewhere."

A gentle caress

We got to Kensington without killing anyone and piled into a quiet restaurant. Bergman sat opposite me; Grant to her right. It was bad positioning—but I didn't learn that till later.

"Things like that make me nervous," said Bergman. "No wonder I can't sleep at night. I get up and walk around for hours..."

Cary Grant turned a pair of magnetic eyes on her and began to caress her wrist.

QUOTE

MISS JOAN COLLINS is a girl who always speaks her mind. "I've been bothered for some time by my parts," she says. "I've played a nun, a respectable English girl, a broken-down nymphomaniac, a Folies girl gone astray, and a 35-year-old alcoholic. None was precisely me." It's that word "precisely" that intrigues me.

A PALE BLUE ROLLS AND SOCKS TO MATCH

(THAT'S SUCCESS!)

by Nancy Spain



ELLESTON TREVOR is a best-seller. It is almost impossible to believe in him as a character—so tall, successful, distinguished-looking and modest is he.

"I am going to keep on trying to write a good book," says he.

He runs a pale-blue Rolls-Royce (1938 vintage), wears socks and pale-blue sweaters to match it. He is 37. His trousers are black and white hounds' tooth check.

He smokes a Sherlock Holmes pipe, reflectively. His shoes are made of "stag's leather." He has one son called Peregrino (9), and a self-confessed passionately ambitious wife called Jonquil (40).

Quietly, methodically, he has worked his way from the days when, as an R.A.F. corporal, he used to sell books for £75 out-right, to this bumper year for the Trevors when Columbia Pictures paid him 30,000 dollars for some film rights and he made at least £10,000.

On the way up Trevor used ever such a lot of pseudonyms. His name was originally Smith, but he changed it by deed poll. Now he has dropped the lot in favour of Elleston Trevor.

Quietly, methodically he drove his in the Rolls to his gracious, contemporary home (cost about £25,000) which stands on the cliffs near Brighton, overlooking my old school, Roddean.

I was going to lunch because I greatly enjoyed his new book *THE PILLARS OF MIDNIGHT* (Hutchinson, 15/-). Film rights for this one have not gone yet.

but if ever there was a story quietly, methodically tailored for the big sales this is it. It is all about a smallpox epidemic in a south coast town.

★ ★ ★

The hero is a doctor called Steven. He and the local sanitary inspectors and a Catholic priest and matron and the hospital staff all fight against the disease. This means isolating infection points, pinning down carriers.

One carrier perpetually eludes them. Her name is Ruth. She is an attractive, irresponsible, immoral girl who has been involved in many love affairs. One of these, alas, was with our married hero, the doctor Steven.

"The Pillars of Midnight" has everything. A luscious doctor in a white coat, seeds of dreamy dialogue about love and life and human responsibility,



ELLESTON TREVOR
A LOT OF PSEUDONYMS

and lots of good detail about smallpox and symptoms. Trevor mugged all this up out of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

He told me all this over lunch when Spanish music played disconcertingly loud on the super hi-fi. We ate melon, grilled sole, rum baba and clotted cream, and we drank white wine and burgundy.

All this was served and cooked by the ex-mayor's of Lewes who drove off in her own car with her own assistant.

After lunch I saw the room where the work gets done. (10 a.m. to 12.30 every morning). After lunch Trevor flies his kite. "Sometimes you can get them up to as much as 300ft, but my string broke this week."

★ ★ ★

I also saw the garage. Here, letting down from the roof, is a model electrified motor-racing track where you may race twenty-tenny cars at 150 miles an hour to scale (if you see what I mean), controlling them by switches.

"What on earth would he have been if he hadn't been a best-seller?" I suddenly asked Jonquil this as Trevor was putting away the race track with a complicated do-it-yourself system of weights and pulleys.

She shrugged her shoulders. "A garage mechanic," she said, "at 30s a week."

ever let me film with my shoes on." Was it true, we asked, that since her separation from Rossellini, she might live in London?

"I don't know," Bergman said. "I'm looking for a flat this week-end... but I don't know how long I shall stay."

"One thing is certain," she continued. "I'll never go back to Sweden. I've every time I go there I am criticised. It's the same with Garbo. That's why she can never go back. Italy is the place where I am happiest..."

"You haven't changed your opinion?"

She shook her head. "It's the best country in which to bring up a family. There are no crazy, mixed-up children there. That's because Italians love children. You know my husband [at no time did she refer to Rossellini otherwise] used to pick up the scruffiest children in the streets and kiss them. It took me a long time to get used to that."

Now...sleep

She was relaxed now, and smiling.

"You'll sleep tonight," said Grant, still caressing her hand. She laughed.

"Oh, sleep isn't all that important. Did you know that Charles Boyer never sleeps. He can't. He just goes to bed and lies there."

"You'll sleep," said Grant. "Tonight you'll sleep."

So ended dinner with two of show business' genuine aristocrats. Ingrid Bergman, the only screen actress of real dignity since Garbo, and Cary Grant, the top box-office star in the world.

My only mistake that evening was in the way I placed my guests. Grant should never have sat facing me.

By the time we got up to go, Ingrid was laughing, joyous and relaxed.

I was falling asleep.

Dr Grant's magnetic eyes had done their stuff.

Meet the Voice

I MET Mr Mario Lanza the other night.

"Know something," he said. "I don't care what they write or say about me. I've got a voice—and people want to hear it. On Monday at the Royal Variety Show I'll go out there before your Queen and sing like a son-of-a-bitch. Believe me."

I said I believed him.

"Aren't you going to ask me about my weight?" he demanded.

"No."

"Everyone asks me about my weight," he said. "Why should you be different?"

"I haven't the slightest interest in your weight," I said.

"True—it doesn't matter," said Lanza. "It's my voice—that's what people want to hear. And on Monday I'll be out there singing like a son-of-a-bitch—don't you worry."

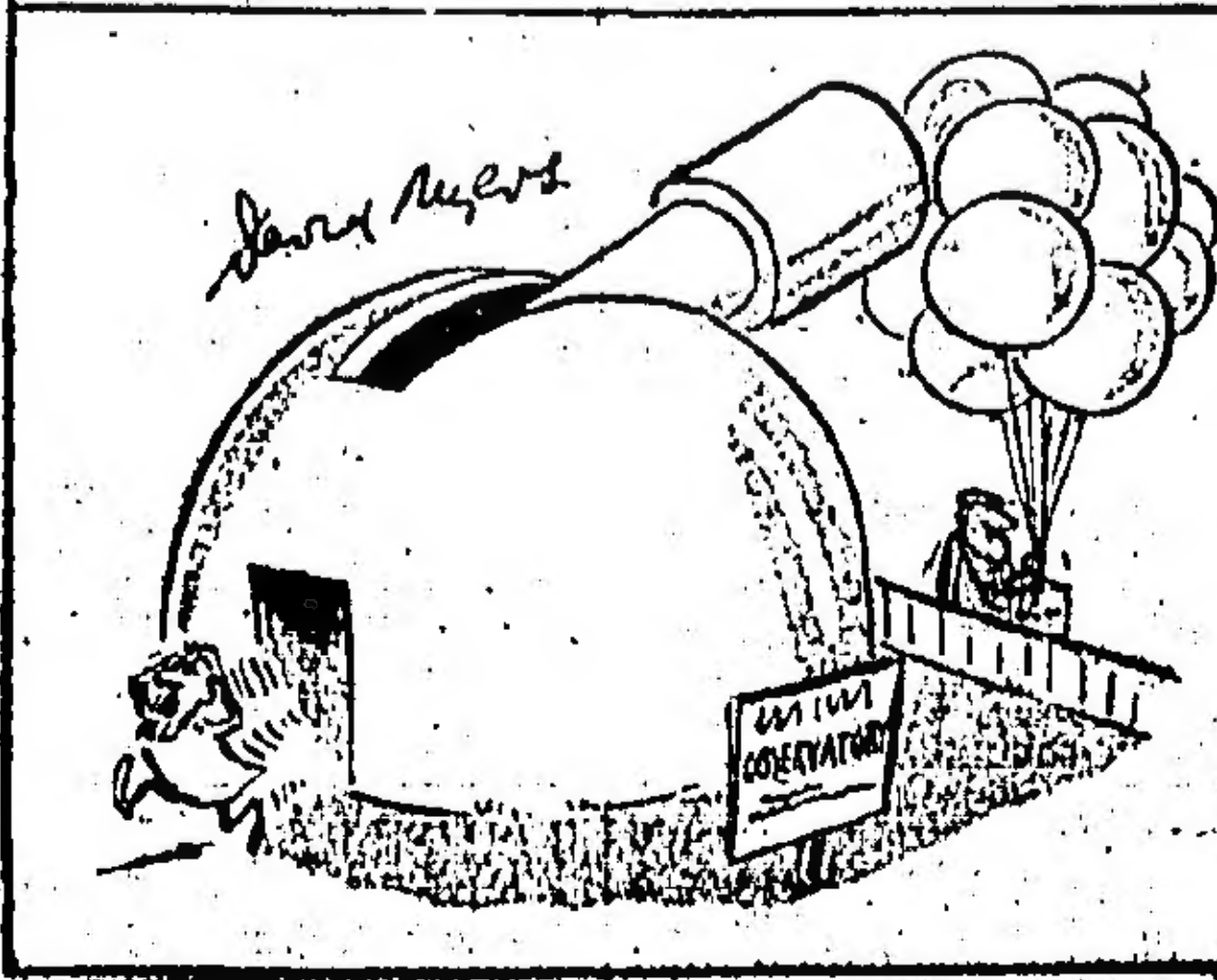
I didn't.

Feuding

BRIGHTIE BARDOT is feuding with her Spanish actor friend Gustavo Rojo. She accuses him of spreading "a damaging story" about her.

Was it that she was planning to make a film with some of her clothes on?

ZANIES MOON WEEK



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE GOODBYE, DARLING!

*A Farewell (A Slightly Reluctant Farewell)
To The Girl We Will Never See Again*

By WILLIAM HICKEY



DRAWN
BY
ROBB

THE DRESS AND THE POISE THAT WENT TO
MAKE UP EVERYTHING A DEB EVER WAS.

SO she has gone for good! The girl who either through birth, or money, or both, had the privilege of being presented to the Monarch. She has never been quite the same since 1939. But she still existed in a modified, slightly austere way at the evening presentation parties. And now those too have gone.

In the old days before the war that presentation was a most tremendous thing.

There were the official instructions from the Lord Chamberlain—the train "which should not exceed two yards in length" and "must not extend more than 18 inches from the heel of the wearer when standing."

There were the precise instructions about "the three small white feathers mounted as a Prince of Wales's plume."

So the instructions went on, and there were sketches of typical Court dress solemnly laid out on view in the Lord Chamberlain's office.

GREAT MOMENT

—for Becky Sharp

It was a colossal moment in a girl's life for, as Thackeray wrote about Becky Sharp's presentation in "Vanity Fair": "If she did not wish to lead a virtuous life, at least she desired to enjoy a character for virtue, and we know that no lady in the genteel world can possess this desideratum until she has put on a train and feathers and been presented to her sovereign at Court."

From that august interview they come out stamped as honest women. The Lord Chamberlain gives them a certificate of virtue.

And that "certificate of virtue" was what the whole business of being presented was about.

FOR THAT Daddy raised another mortgage on the home farm.

FOR THAT Mummy pawned grandmother's jewels.

FOR THAT that poor girl who was to be presented was hounded to the Continent to be finished, and then pushed, pummeled, coerced, made to have a semblance of elegance, and even cursey all habits which don't go with the buxom rusticity of the British girl from the best families.

But the sacrifices had to be made. For without that presentation, the girl could scarcely be offered on the marriage market as first-class.

On the night the girl was to be presented, she would start dressing about four in the afternoon.

Her mother, or the woman who was presenting her would also be making the most of her facing chairmen. The car was nearly always a hired Rolls or Daimler. The rush to get to the head of the queue in the Mall was an expert's job. And with the driver there had to be a footman.

THE LONG WAIT

—then she fell

At six they started lining up outside the Palace. They were well-equipped for the wait. There would be champagne, brandy and pate sandwiches.

Sometimes, the wait was so long that things got out of hand. One girl had drunk so much champagne that when she went to curtsy to the King and Queen she fell flat on her face. But still, these are little contretemps which chamberlains are used to dealing with.

Normally the debutante and her mother would enter the Palace and be marshalled into a queue by Court officials.

Then her turn would come to enter the throne room. The King and Queen would be sitting on their thrones. Round them would be grouped their children and dozens of the high officials of the Court.

The Chamberlain would knock on the floor with his white wand and announce the presence of "My Majesties of Somewhere-or-other with her daughter, Lady So-and-so." The curtsies would be made.

Their Majesties inclined their heads. In most-favoured cases, as with, say, a duchess's daughter, or friend of the family, the Queen might stay the girl and talk to her for a minute.

This was enough to make any girl's reputation on the marriage market—and drive other parents to distraction.

It was a magnificent spectacle as the women swept through and formed up in a semi-circle beyond.

AND AFTERWARDS

—parties and night clubs

After the presentation there were great dinner parties at the town houses of Mayfair, Knightsbridge, and Westminster. Then there was a dance.

And then generally a night club, Ciro's, the Cafe de Paris, the Berkeley, the May Fair, where the girl you might have seen looking like a princess a few hours earlier was dancing madly and looking like a chorus girl.

Then came the war. And let it be said for that generation of girls, there were no Palace parties or Prince of Wales feasters. They were in the Services, driving ambulances or working in factories.

At the end of the war it was obvious that the debutante system of the pre-war era could not flourish as before.

First, there were garden parties at the Palace which counted for the girl as presentation—and this is the system that the Queen has finally decided on.

RELAXED, BUT

—still two classes

But in 1951, King George VI, who loved Court ceremony, decided to bring back a modified form of the old evening party.

There were no feathers. The whole business was much more relaxed than before the war. But it still meant that the young girls of England were divided into two classes.

Those who had been presented. And those who had not.

There will still be a debutante world, because there will be girls who do get their invitations to the garden parties. But something of the glamour and the exclusiveness will have disappeared for ever.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL REPLY TO WILLIAM HICKEY

by TOM POCOCC

WILLIAM HICKEY, quite a tough under all that charm, is all misty-eyed and cooing, "Goodbye, darling!" He was bidding a sentimental farewell to The Debutante who, he had just heard, was to be banished to the social history books. I join Hickey in these obsequies. But, in saying "Goodbye, darling!" I will add—a little rudely—"I am so glad you are not coming back."

I'm glad the Queen has decided to end the presentation parties. I'm glad the Court has itself demolished the ancient and historic foundation upon which an unrealistic, unjust, and unhealthy social structure had been erected.

I am glad for two reasons. One is a human reason. The other is that the whole frilly fabric of debbery has become infected by what can only be described as a racket.

Now it can fairly be said that these days the London Season, as it is known, can be as dangerous an obstacle as can be placed in the path of an unsophisticated teenage girl new to the austere and cynical ways of the world.

I remember one deb's mother. She had married a shoe factory, several ships, and a foreign railway system, and she was all tweeds and officer-like qualities.

Her daughter, a plump girl who, like her mother, spoke in a high, flat monotone, was about to be "brought out." Said her mother: "I think it's only fair to spend as much on Angela's Season as on Nigel's university."

This meant that upwards of £1,000 was to be spent on the artificial creation of what the French used to call Le High.

Life for the kind, silly country girl that was her daughter.

PITCHFORKED

PERHAPS it had not occurred to her that she was about to pitchfork Angela into a non-stop round of parties in which alcohol, night clubs and that band of brothers, the eligible, older bachelors of London, would play the considerable parts.

If, out of this noise, Angela could pick a rich husband—all might be well. Otherwise it would be very surprising indeed if it did Angela any good at all.

CHARADE

BUT, as one who enjoys a glimpse of Le High Life as much as the next man, I must not moralise. I also realise that the end of presentation parties may not mean the end of the London Season. Like a decapitated chicken, it may go on flapping about.

But I condemn the whole charade for quite another reason. This is, I believe, the reason that carried most weight in Buckingham Palace.

It all began more than 20 years ago when the emergence of a debutante was still something graceful, gracious, and rather grand. It may have been an archaic social survival, but it was part of a great historical tapestry.

THE TIP

IN those days it would happen that a well-to-do and socially qualified mother might be

unable to present her own daughter at Court or shepherd her through Ascot, Lord's, Henley, and the dances. She would therefore enlist an aunt or a family friend who would do the job, and, in return, receive her expenses and a handsome present.

Inevitably, this was open to abuse. And just before the war it started. Women who had themselves been presented at Court let it be known at the most discreet little luncheon parties that they might be willing to present suitable candidates.

In return they would expect their expenses and a tip. The tip would probably cover the cost of next year's new car. Some even put discreetly worded advertisements in the Personal Columns.

WORSE

THE war, while it encouraged other forms of black marketing, temporarily ended this. But when it began again the prostitution of privilege was worse than ever. Back came the advertisements. The tariff was simple. Two or three dowagers would, for some £4,000, sponsor a well-to-do woman who would in turn be able to get her money back by sponsoring others.

Generally sponsors would, in addition to presenting a girl, take her to the fashionable sporting events and a few dances. The usual fee is now

£1,000, but can be four times that amount.

This fee does not include expenses. Debutantes who already have suitable clothes and can borrow a London house have been presented at a cost of only £350. But as a dance for 400 people at a London hotel will cost about £1,000, they are the exceptions.

The mother who will bribe to get her daughter into Buckingham Palace is unlikely to skip the champagne, the clothes, the luncheon parties, and the dances.

This is not all. The debutantes' much-publicised charitable activities have also been infected. Some of these are thoroughly worthy projects. Others are little more than worthy excuses for expensive high-jinks, and profitable publicity.

NO TEARS

THIS has not gone unnoticed. It is one of the main reasons for the debutantes' doom. The whole pathetic pantomime condemned itself to death.

Let us not be sorry for the departing debs.

Angela, poor child, has "come out" and passed through the sausage machine. Had she been two years younger all that money might have helped her become a more useful and interesting person.

Girls still at school will get the chance she missed. Their latent talents may get a chance. And, one day, some of them are quite likely to find themselves lining up for a different presentation at Buckingham Palace.

But then they will have earned the honour.

From Joy Matthews

MIXING IT

BEVIES OF BEADS. The newest are mixed and practically unmatched. They are long jassos and wind round two or three times. Smartest are in the coffee, beige, browns, and ambers. There are sweet-shop beads—with amber pear drops, barley sugars, butterscotch, milk chocolate drops and orange fruit gums mixed with kaleidoscopes of coloured mirror glass. Wonderful with beige.

BEATING IT

THE ULTIMATE in egg-beaters has arrived on the market. It's made of stainless steel so that it doesn't make that grinding noise as it beats—and can't rust up. The handle is set in at an angle instead of on top, so that you don't end up with an aching wrist. And both grip and burner are covered in ridged, non-slippery plastic—so that it can't fly off the handle.

SMOKING IT

FIRST IT WAS smoked salmon; then smoked roe; then buckling and ham. Now they are smoking cheese in Austria and selling it in Britain. It looks exactly like a big German sausage and tastes very slightly of bacon. You just slice it like sausage, and eat it plain or with mustard. It comes in a nice easy-to-carry box.

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Today, Vacheron & Constantin are in their third century, the world's oldest watch-manufacturers. By heeding a perfectionist's motto, they have thrived where others failed to survive.

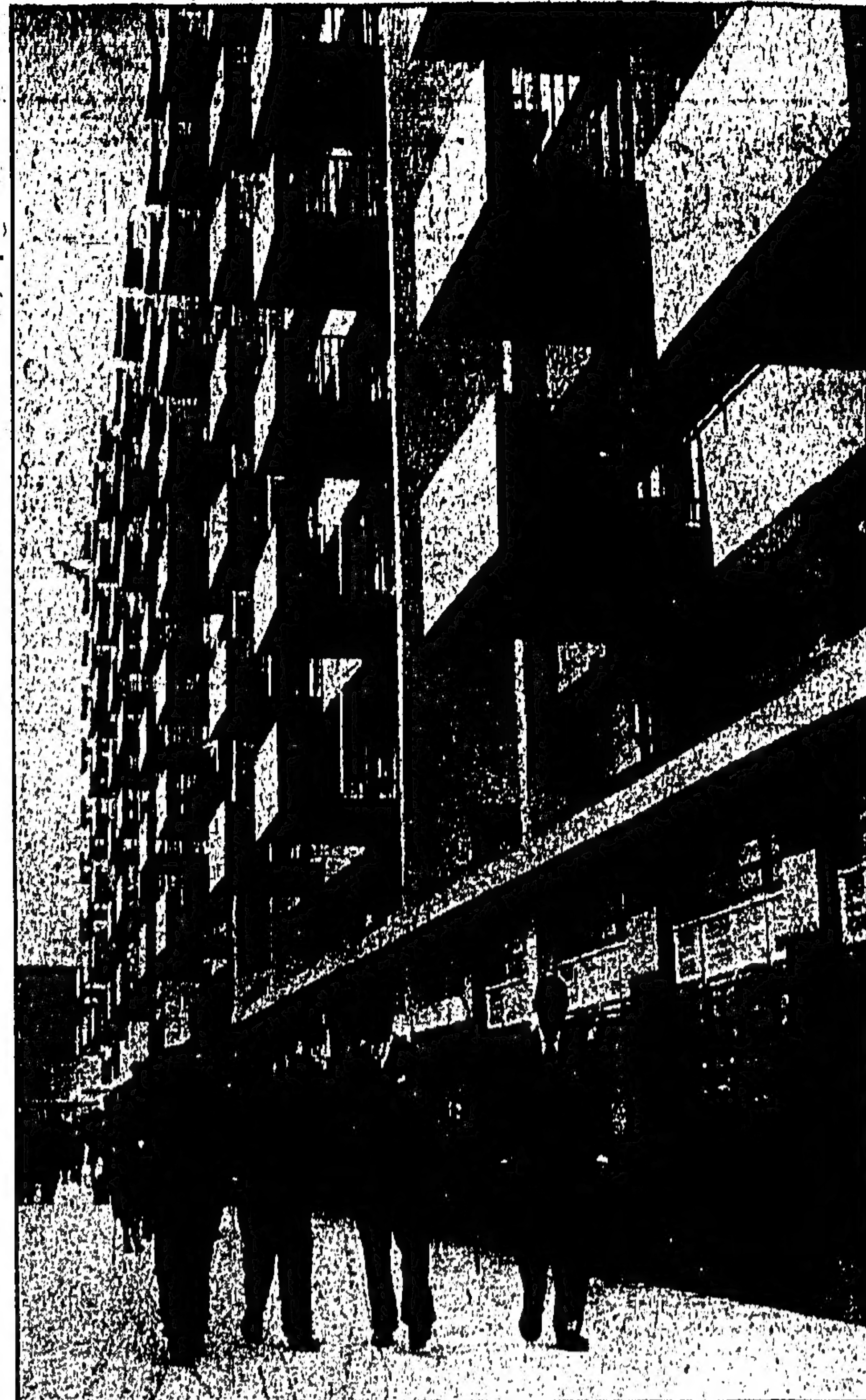
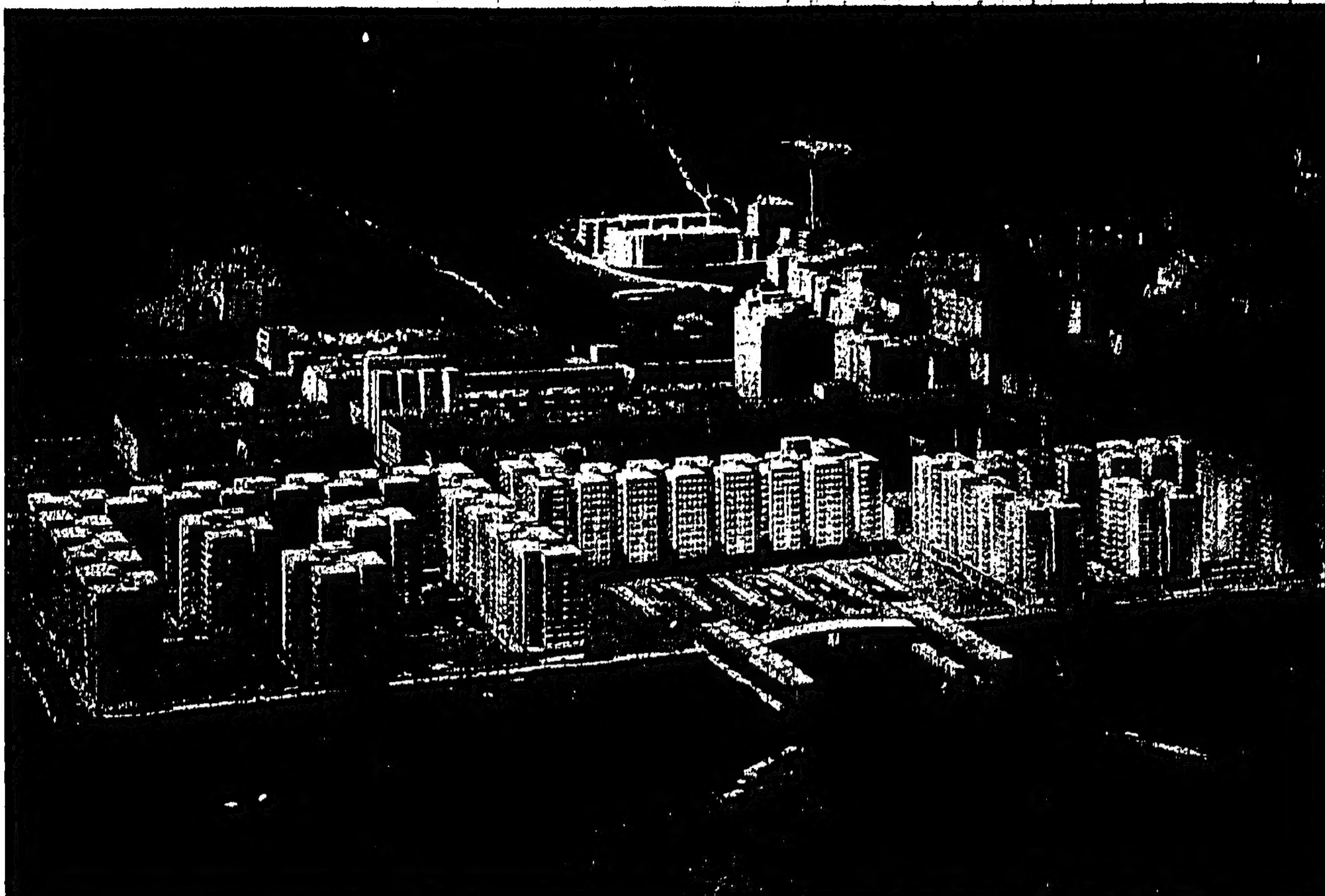
The "Automatic Jubilé" was directly inspired by the policy of François Constantin, for few believed it possible that so thin a watch can be both self-winding and waterproof.

"It's always possible..."

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NORTH POINT ESTATE

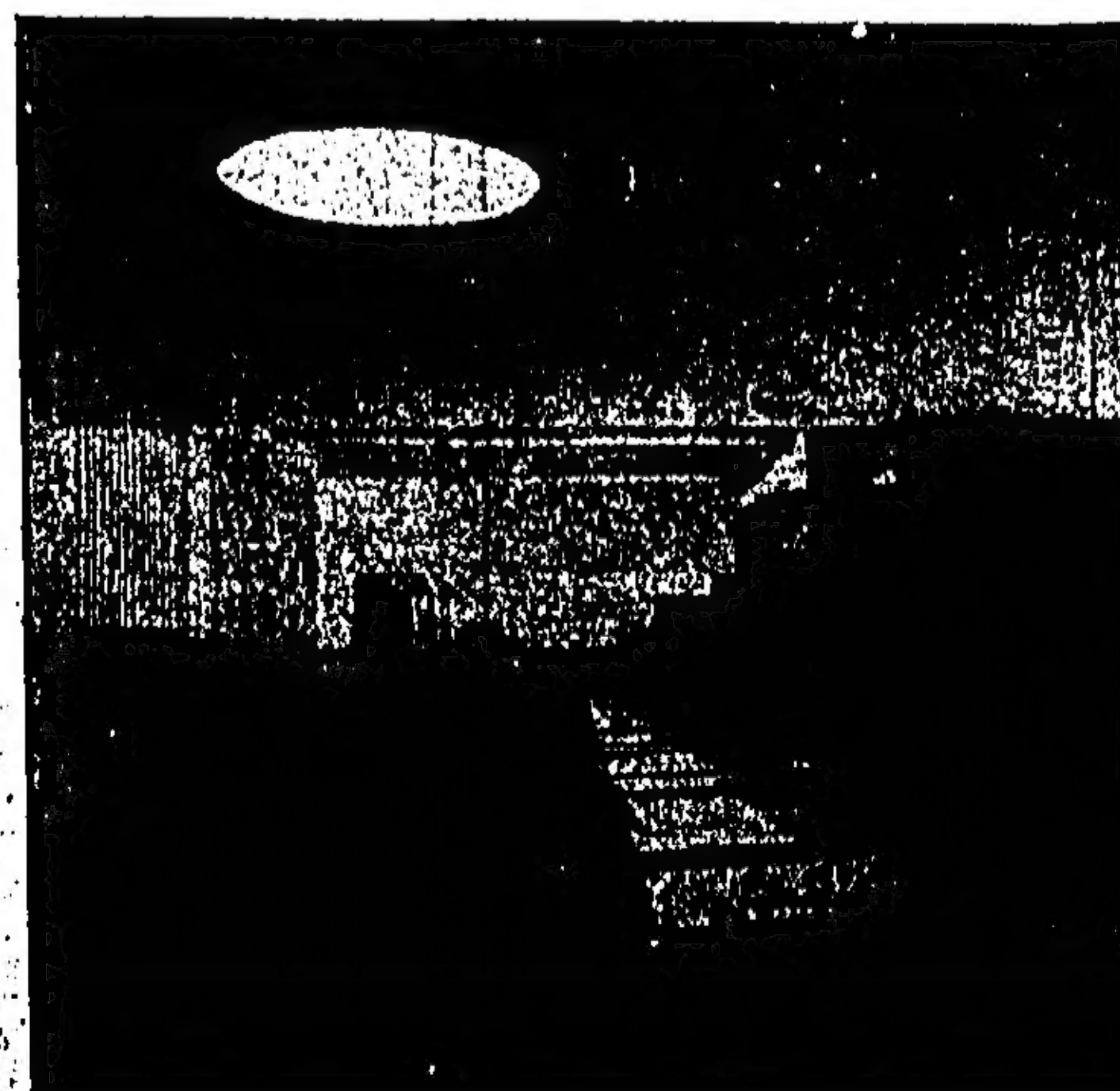
First project undertaken by the Hongkong Housing Authority, opened this week by Sir Alexander Grantham. 1955 flats for 12,300 people; an 18-classroom Primary School; Post Office; Assembly Hall; Out-Patient Clinics; and 71 shops at a total cost of \$33,000,000.

RIGHT: Sir Alexander is seen inspecting the estate accompanied by (from left) Mr Eric Cumine the architect; Mr W. E. Collard, Secretary of the Housing Authority; and Mr G. T. Rowe, Commissioner for Housing.



Sir Alexander leaving the estate (above left) after the opening ceremony accompanied by the Chairman of the Authority the Hon. D. R. Holmes, and Secretary Mr Collard.

Above right . . . a view of the West Court of the estate, to the east of which it is planned to build a new vehicular ferry connecting with Hung Hom. Below right . . . the view of Central Court fronting Java Road shows one of two "flying saucers" housing transformer sub-station equipment for the estate. Below . . . a covered way, and covered play-area for the estate's several thousands of children.



provides a

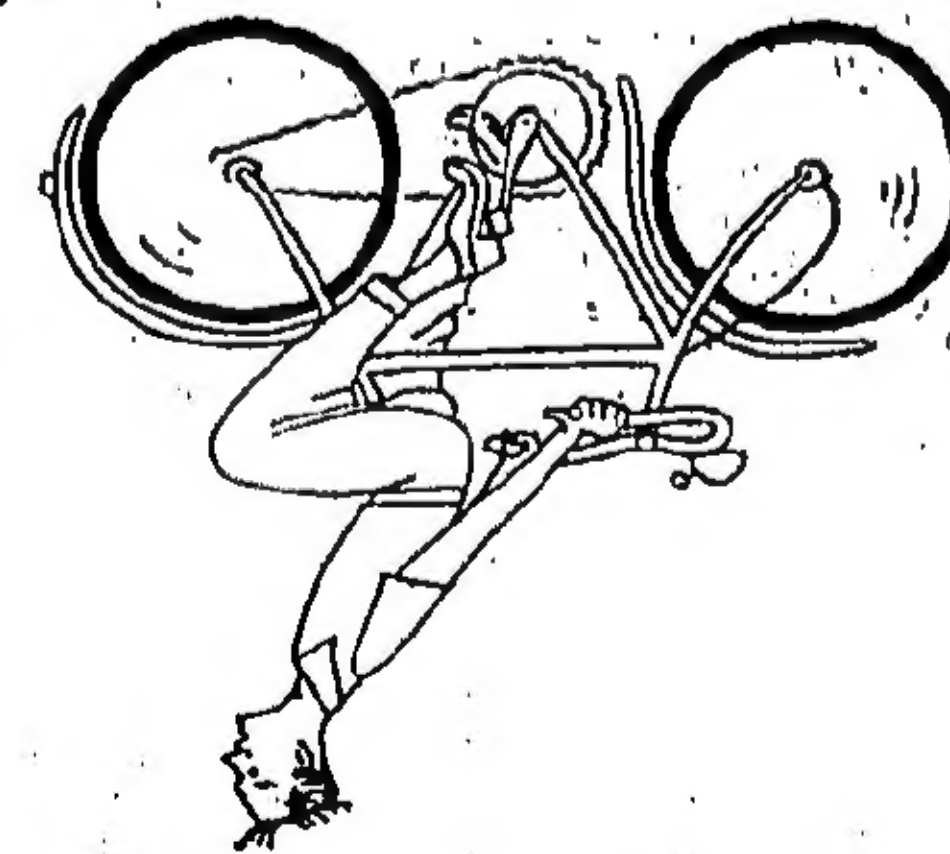
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After their wedding . . . Mr. Lee Mau Seng and Miss Serene Lim.
LEFT: George Yam and Mina Samy Pillai at St. Teresa's.
RIGHT: At Island House — birth of the New Territories Women's Association.



RIGHT: Restaurant ceremony — wedding and reception of Eugene Mah and Jennie Li took place at the China Restaurant.



LEFT: Anglican Franciscan friar, the Rev. Michael Fisher meeting Sunday school-teachers during his week-long mission at St. John's Cathedral. Next week the mission moves over to Kowloon—All Saints.

RIGHT: Archbishop of the Armenian Church, The Very Rev. Terenig Poladian seen in Hongkong during a world tour visiting Armenian communities.



A Radio Hongkong tea party in the concert studio for students of Hongkong University, where they meet Programme Directors Donald Brooks and Tim Brinton for briefing on Audience Research Survey.

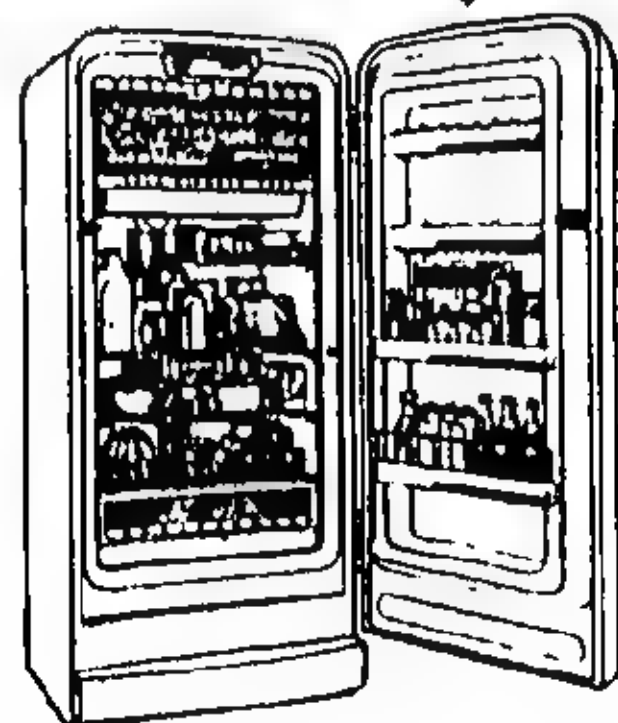


ABOVE: Farewell from the American Women's Association in Hongkong—a party at the home of Mrs. T. P. Dillon at Deep Water Bay.
LEFT: Farewell too to HMAS Tobruk and Anzac (inset) and a round of other Naval parties. The dancers are members of the RN Electrical Branch at the China Fleet Club.
BELOW: Ninth birthday of Sheila Melwani.



Luigi Infantino and Harry Odell seen when the Italian tenor arrived at Kai Tak.

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



Boy's Viyella Cardigan

MATERIALS:

5 ozs. Nursery Viyella Knittings, 8 ply, in Grey. 1 oz. in Red. 8 Buttons. 1 pair each knitting needles, Nos. 13 and 10.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length from Shoulder: 15 inches; Sleeve seam: 12 inches. To fit 24-26 inch Chest.

TENSION:

7½ stitches to 1 inch.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K. knit, P. purl, st. sts. stitch, stitches, beg. beginning, rep. repeat, patt. pattern, inc. increase (by working into the front and then into the back of a stitch), dec. decrease, (by taking two stitches together), M. make, sl. slip, G. grey, R. Red.

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles and R. cast on 92 sts. Work 5 rows in K.1, P.1, rib. Inc. once at end of last row. Change to G. P.1 row, thus bringing work back to right side.

Continue in the following patt.:

1st row. * P.3, K.2, rep. from * to last 3 sts. P.3.

2nd row. * K.3, M.1, K.2, sl. made st. over the K.2, rep. from * to last 3 sts. K.3.

These 2 rows form the patt. Work 10 inches.

SHAPE ARMHOLES:—Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. at both ends of every row until 73 sts. remain.

Work 4 inches.

SHAPE SHOULDERS:—Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows.

Cast off remainder.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 10 needles and R. cast on 48 sts.

Work 5 rows in K.1, P.1, rib. Change to G. P.1 row.

Work 10 inches patt. **Shape Armhole:**—Right side of work facing.

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next row, then dec. once in every row at this edge, until 38 sts. remain.

Now work 4½ inches, at the same time, dec. once in every

3rd row at the Neck edge until 28 sts. remain, then every alternate row until 23 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDERS:—Right side of work facing.

Cast off 5 sts. at the beg. of the next and every alternate row following until 8 sts. remain. Work back to the armhole.

Cast off remainder.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Work as for Left Front, reversing the mappings.

THE SLEEVES

(both alike)

With No. 10 needles and R. cast on 48 sts.

Work 5 rows in K.1, P.1, rib. Change to G. P.1 row, then continue until work measures 12 inches from beg. at the same time, inc. at both ends of every 6th row until 78 sts. on the needle.

SHAPE TOP:—Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 20 sts. remain, then 3 sts. at the beg. of every row until 14 sts. remain.

THE POCKETS

(both alike)

With No. 10 needles and G. cast on 28 sts. Work 3 inches patt.

Change to R. K.1 row. Work 4 rows in K.1, P.1, rib.

Cast off.

THE EDGING

With No. 13 needles and R. cast on 10 sts.

Work 3 rows in K.1, P.1, rib. **MAKE BUTTONHOLE:**—1st row. Rib 3 sts. cast off 4 sts. rib to end.

2nd row. Rib 3 sts. cast on 4 sts. rib 4 sts.

Rib 7 more buttonholes, approx. 1½ inches apart.

Rib until 35 inches long. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Slip Edging to Fronts and Back of Neck. Stitch Pockets to Fronts.

Press very lightly on the wrong side, using a hot iron over a damp cloth. Sew on Buttons.

GOING TO MOVE? By Joan O'Sullivan



MOVING DAY MEANS a picnic in the new home if you plan wisely. Pack a lunch. Bring along bottled chocolate milk for the children. Be sure to place a few paper plates in the lunch basket.

MOVING day's mayhem when there are children in the family. Why? Generally, you can truck it down to the fact that proper preparation wasn't made.

Of course there are a zillion-and-two things to be done. Naturally, it's bound to be a bit hectic, but you can get by with a minimum of confusion if you plan ahead.

Handling the Children

If your youngster's old enough, let him plan a

colour scheme for his new room. Let him decide how furniture's to be placed.

When you weed out possessions and toys—and a move usually means a major house-cleaning—make sure Baby's favourite toy isn't among the things that go out in the discards. It may be dilapidated but, if Baby likes it best, better keep it.

When moving day arrives, be sure you've kept out a few books or games for the children to hold while the movers grooved while the furniture make off with the furniture. Be sure the child-

ren's rooms are dismantled last, so they'll be first to be set up at your new address.

Pack a Picnic Lunch

Do pack a picnic lunch to save time and temper when you start unpacking in your new home. A few bottles of chocolate milk with sandwiches will keep the kids happy. Bring along paper plates and cups, too, and there won't be any digging about in barrels for your china or any washing of dishes either.

It will take a few weeks to settle down and, during that time, make allowances if the kids aren't on their best behaviour. It's a chance for them, too, and it will take them time to make new friends and feel at home.

Mrs. Val Parnell Forgets

About Hawaii

—AND COOKS A SIMPLE MEAL

By HELEN BURKE

WHEN a husband telephones his wife at any hour to tell her that he is bringing friends to dinner, he must be sure that she will do him proud. Such a man is impresario Val Parnell—and such a wife is Helen, tiny, enthusiastic, full of cooking ideas.

Helen has just returned from a visit to her family in Hawaii and she has now to force her mind back from succulent chicken and magnificent mixtures cooked in sweet-scented "Ti" leaves.

As usual, my aim was to find a quickly prepared "different" menu that would do credit to you and me. Helen decided that it must be simple, because many people are cutting down on food and want, at most, only three courses.

Menu for Four

Shrimp Remoulade (sharp and zippy). **Marinated Hawaiian Steaks** with braised carrots, steamed rice and mixed vegetable salad. **Meringue Glacés**, filled with stuffed lychees.

START by preparing four ½ in. steaks, which require two hours' marinating in one-half cup soy sauce, one-third cup water and a good dessert-spoon powdered ginger. ("The ginger does something for the steaks.")

Helen lowered the steaks, one at a time, into the marinade, thoroughly immersing before adding the next. Later, the carrots were scraped, cut into four lengthwise par-bolled, then drained, dried and, finally, gently cooked in butter until they turned pale gold. They were then covered and kept hot for the meat. ("The warm waiting period brings out their flavour.")

The rice

WASH a small cup of long-grained rice until it is free of starch. Cover it with four times its bulk—that is, four cups—of water. Here Helen Parnell takes over: "When the rice boils, turn the heat down, cover the pan and allow the rice barely to steam. Do not

boil it for about 40 to 45 minutes. If you do, the rice breaks, the inside starch comes out and you get a cloggy mass. Leave it alone, whatever you do, and there will be no water to pour away and each grain will be separate."

The steaks

ABOUT 25 minutes before the meal start cooking the drained steaks. Add just enough olive oil to coat the bottom of a hot frying-pan. Gently fry the steak in it, turning them several times. Transfer the steaks to a heated serving dish and surround with the carrots. Heat together some of the marinade and the juices in the pan and pour them over the steaks. Serve the rice separately.

The salad

IN a large wooden salad bowl, Helen tossed sliced cucumber and quartered, skinned tiny tomatoes in oil and vinegar and chopped herbs from her herb "garden." At the last minute, she took a crisp lettuce from the refrigerator, tore it into small pieces and placed them on top. Not until the salad was served, was it turned again.

Shrimp Remoulade

ALLOW a good tablespoon of shrimps per serving. Mix them in "Thousand Island" dressing (two-thirds mayonnaise, one-third tomato ketchup, a drop or two of Worcestershire sauce and a drop of Tabasco). Spoon into glasses, sprinkle with paprika or chopped parsley and serve.

Meringue Glacés

WHENEVER Helen makes mayonnaise, she makes little meringues with the egg whites. These are packed in a biscuit tin, with layers of grease-proof paper between them. "My friends like them sandwiched with ice cream and lychees stuffed with red and green cocktail cherries."

(London Express Service).



THE JOB ENCROSSING this youngster is a furniture arrangement, on paper, for the room she'll have in the family's new home.



WEEDING OUT is part of pre-moving preparations. But be careful, when chipping out toys, not to discard Baby's favourites.



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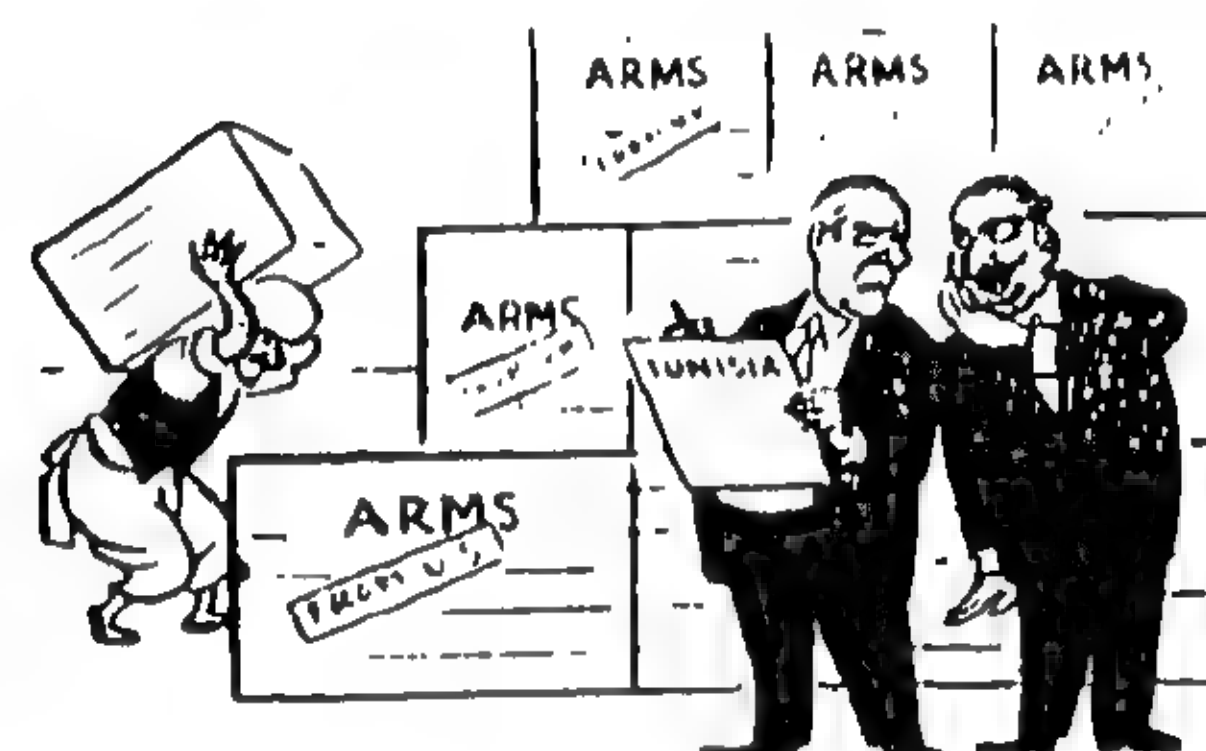
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WEEKEND
Friell

"We're going slow on the Post Office side, Mrs Mimms, can I get you your groceries while you wait?"



"I've done some research, Senator, and believe me the gap between the Earthly Body and Outer Space is very deceptive"



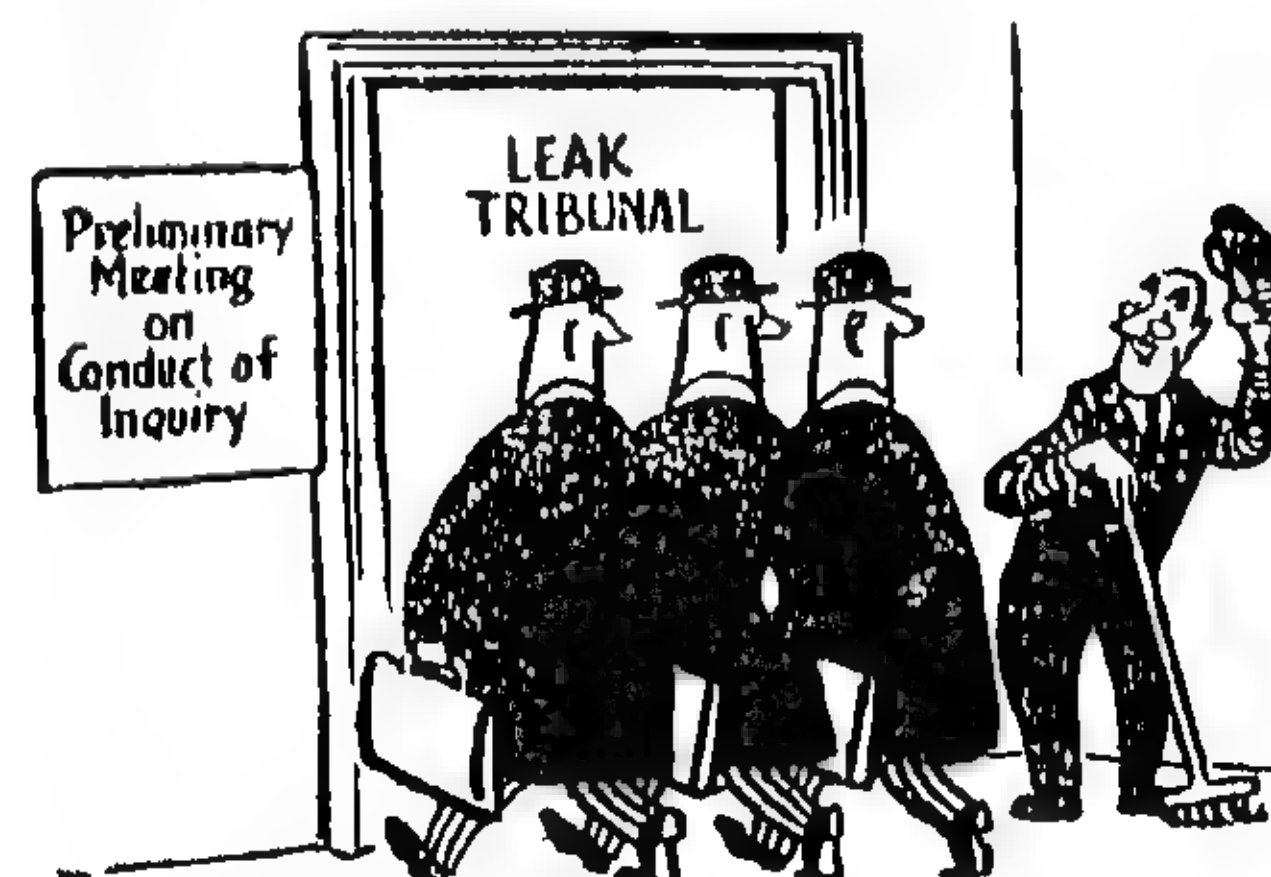
"Now let's invite France and the other Powers to a Disarmament Conference."



Copyright in all countries



"Situations like this make it very difficult for the neutral nations."



"Meticulosity! That's the word, gentlemen, meticulousity!"



"Strictly speaking you count as temporary, Mr. Smith, and that's where we should start to cut!"

I ask myself in astonishment IS THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND FOR SALE?

There are strong reasons for asking it, especially after the revealing speech on Britain's new strategic policy made by Mr Duncan Sandys, the Defence Minister, in Parliament.

All the signs now point to the near-certainty that the Government is trying to give up the greater part—perhaps the whole—of the big naval base in Malta and virtually to clear out of the Mediterranean.

Consider these facts:

1 THE BRITISH firm of Vickers-Armstrongs has been approached by the Admiralty to discover whether it would be interested in taking over the naval dockyard at Malta for conversion to a repair yard for merchant ships.

2 TWO representatives of the firm have visited the dockyard and prepared a report on it. The firm's chiefs have considered the conditions under which it might be worth their while to acquire it. They are now waiting for a definite offer from the Admiralty.

3 TALKS on Malta's future as part of the



Empire in which the dockyard question is a pivot issue are in progress between the Government and Mr Dom Mintoff, the Maltese Prime Minister, who is in London.

4 THE other night Mr Sandys stressed that Britain's future go-it-alone naval commitments will be East of Suez—in the areas based on Singapore, the Persian Gulf, and Hong Kong.

The future of the so-called "British Mediterranean Fleet" was not mentioned except in a general sentence that Britain would have to contribute to Combined Naval Forces.

This "Fleet," now stationed in Malta's Grand Harbour, consists of two

by Chapman Pincher

BLUE EYES, MADAM?

—OR WOULD YOU PREFER GREEN TODAY

NEW YORK. THAT sickening novelist's device—the beautiful heroine whose eyes mysteriously turn the colour of whatever dress she's wearing—turns out to be true.

The man who actually sold a woman four different sets of coloured contact lenses has told me all about her.

"She had a lavender-coloured pair, a blue pair, a green pair and a slightly rose-coloured pair to wear with different dresses," he said with the reverence and appreciation that masters reserve for their chef d'oeuvre.

Although she died recently—not, I gather, of a surfeit of lenses—she was the first of a long line of malcontents who just couldn't stand the colour of their eyes a moment longer.

Chameleon eyes are just another of those glorious new freedoms that science can provide, it seems.

If you want to turn washy blue eyes to a deep and beckoning violet or a flaming traffic-light green, it can be fixed for just an extra £10 on the normal bill of around £250, says America's contact lens king, Mr Phil Salvatori.

"I got a woman whose husband had fallen for a Latin type and she wanted to have dark,



ANNE SHARPLEY
Reports from America



shining eyes, too. And now that women are dyeing their hair so much they don't see why they should have a stop there—they come and get a pair of new eyes to go with it.

"They have their uses for men too," explains Mr Salvatori.

"Sportsmen and skiers with very little pigmentation in their eyes find that slightly coloured lenses cut down on glare."

Opening a large, flat jeweller's case to display a gruesome array of coloured lenses—"The colour-

ing cruises and little more than a dozen smaller ships.

On the block

IT is clear that the defence chiefs have decided that the progressive loss of British prestige and power in the Middle East has robbed Malta of almost all strategic importance.

So the naval dockyard which employs 13,000 men and is a vital factor in Malta's financial life has been thrown on to the chopping block as an almost certain candidate for the newly sharpened economy hatchet.

This is a sad reward for Malta's 314,000 people who braved bombing and blockade for six years.

It would be a sorry scuttle for Britain because Mr Mintoff has warned the Government that if it gives up the dockyard it gives up Malta—for ever.

He is insisting that the Government must provide some alternative employment for the workers who would otherwise be sacked. Hence the scurry to find someone willing to take it over.

Money...

ACQUIRING the finely equipped Malta dockyard for merchant ship repairs when foreign orders are being turned away because the British yards are full is an attractive proposition. Especially if the Government was willing almost to give it away—as seems likely.

But because of the transport costs, operating a merchant ship repair yard in Malta could probably be made to pay only if cheap labour were available.

Mr Mintoff is committed politically to a plan for raising the living standards of the hard-up Maltese people to something like the level of the British.

So he is insisting that any alternative jobs must bring the dockyard workers as much money and if possible more than the old ones.

For America?

IF the Vickers-Armstrongs deal falls through with the Government offer to rent the base to the Americans for use by the U.S. Sixth Fleet which now dominates the Mediterranean? I am told that this is possible.

I sympathise with Mr Sandys as well as with the Maltese people. The money which has been allotted to defend Britain and the Empire is being repeatedly slashed by the combined assault of the Chancellor, Mr Peter Thorneycroft, and Mr Raising Price.

The economy hatchet must fall somewhere. But how ignominious for Britain if it should fall on the very people who took the enemy's vicious punishment so valiantly that they earned their tiny homeland the unique distinction of the George Cross.

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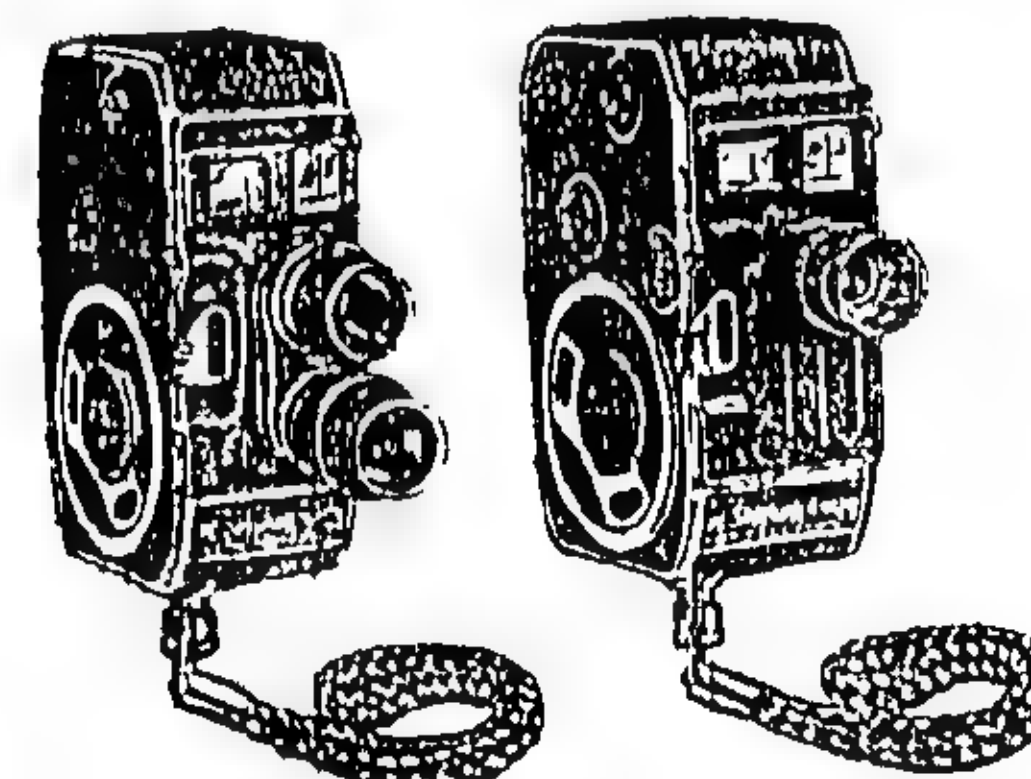


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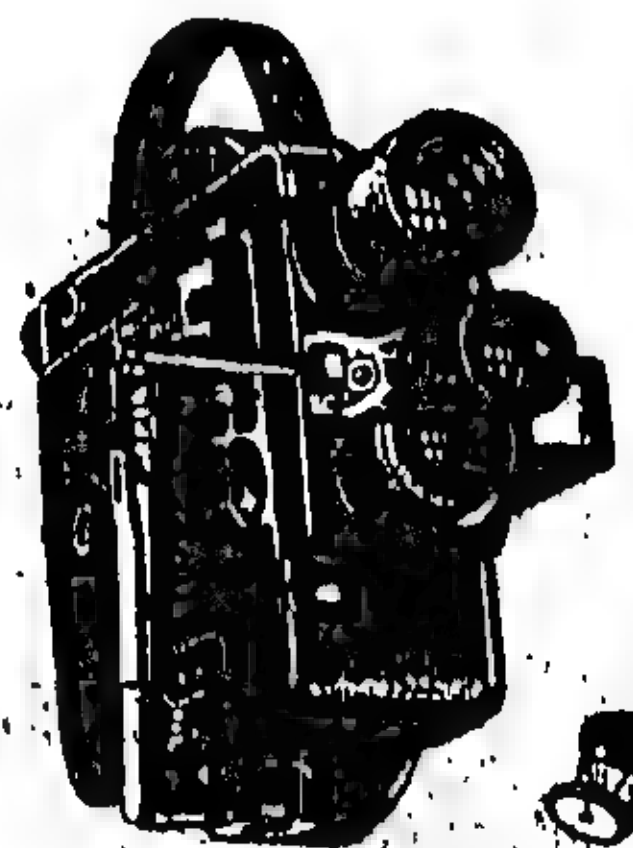
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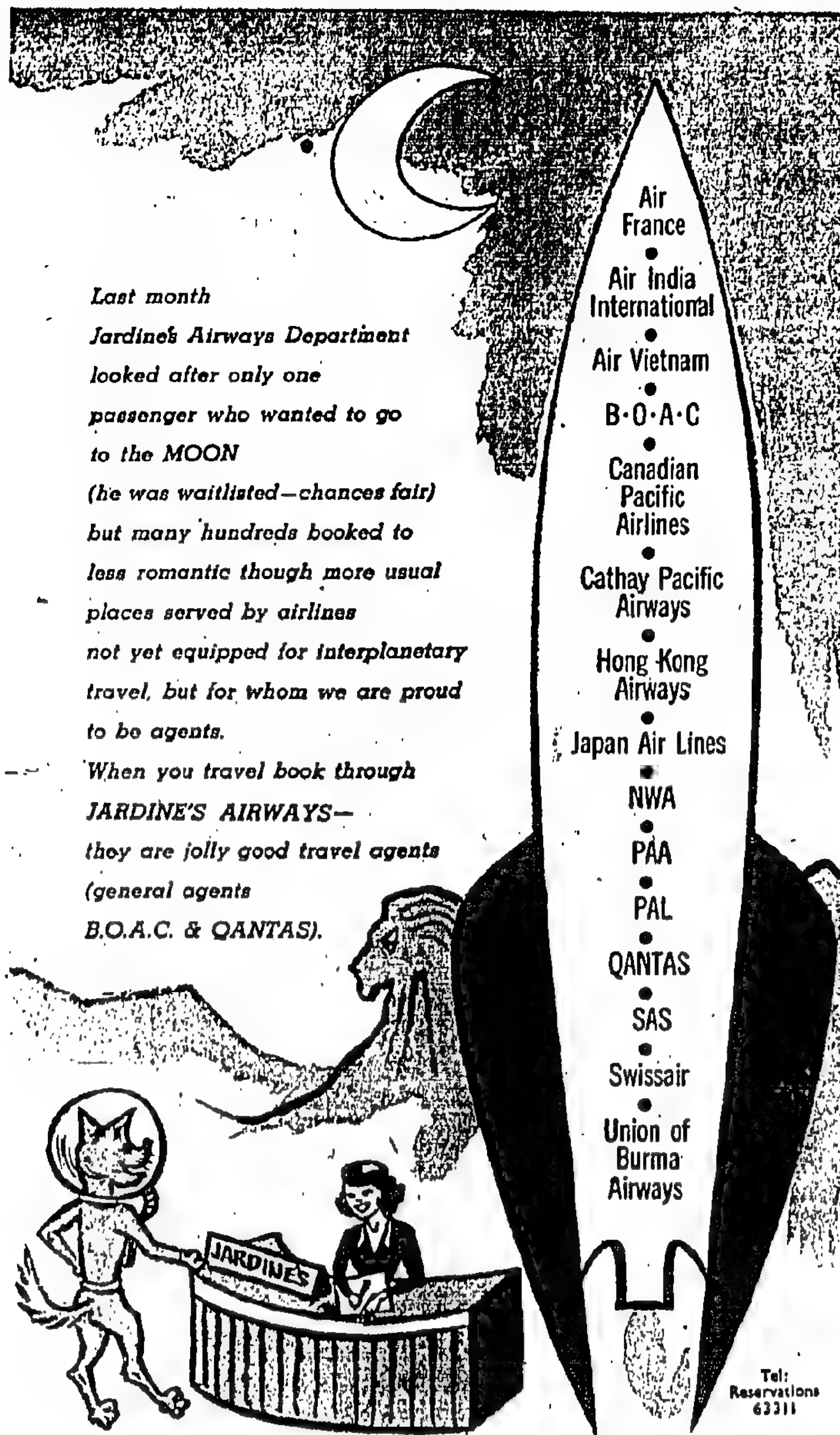
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BULLS IN THE CHINA SHOP

by DAVID T. K. WONG

IAN ROBSON talks to a woman who has never made a commercial disc, but made her name playing them

'I am not jealous,' says Miss Metcalfe

JEAN METCALFE

shivered. The girl—the only girl—to become a successful radio disc jockey, said: "I hate the thought of going back to work. I've grown to dislike London. I'm so much happier in the country, pottering around the kitchen and looking after the baby."

"That's what women are supposed to do."

She pulled her royal blue jumper down over her scarlet skirt. "So long as I have somewhere where I can get dressed up occasionally—even a small country town—that's all I want."

By these standards Miss Metcalfe should be well satisfied. Her home is a medium-sized Georgian-style house ("It's easily spotted by the pink door") in a small town in Surrey.

Her only permanent help is a girl who looks after Guy, her nine-week-old son.

Back today

Says Miss Metcalfe: "I'm not ambitious for myself any longer. I've got Guy and Cliff (her husband, the relaxed Mr. Metcalfe, of television's Tonight fame) and although we do live in a town it only takes a few minutes to get into the country in any direction."

"I finished with ambition the year I was voted Television Personality of the Year. It seemed I had done everything I wanted to do."

Miss Metcalfe sighed. "Going back will be so different from my first day at the B.B.C. as a secretary. I was just 17. It was my first job. Radio had been my idol, and there I was—actually going to work in Broadcasting House."

"I bought a new black suit, and the first morning I stood outside waiting until Postage Place was completely empty. I wanted everyone to see me as I walked in."

"At last the road was clear. I walked across the road to the door. I was so proud."

"Then just as I got to the entrance, some painters came round the corner and went in with ladders and things. My entrance was ruined. I could have died."

Although broadcasting has made Jean Metcalfe famous, it has not made her rich.

As a member of the staff of the B.B.C. she is paid little more than £2,000 a year.

During her nine months' leave to have her baby the roles of famous and not-so-famous in the Metcalfe-Michelmores household have changed.

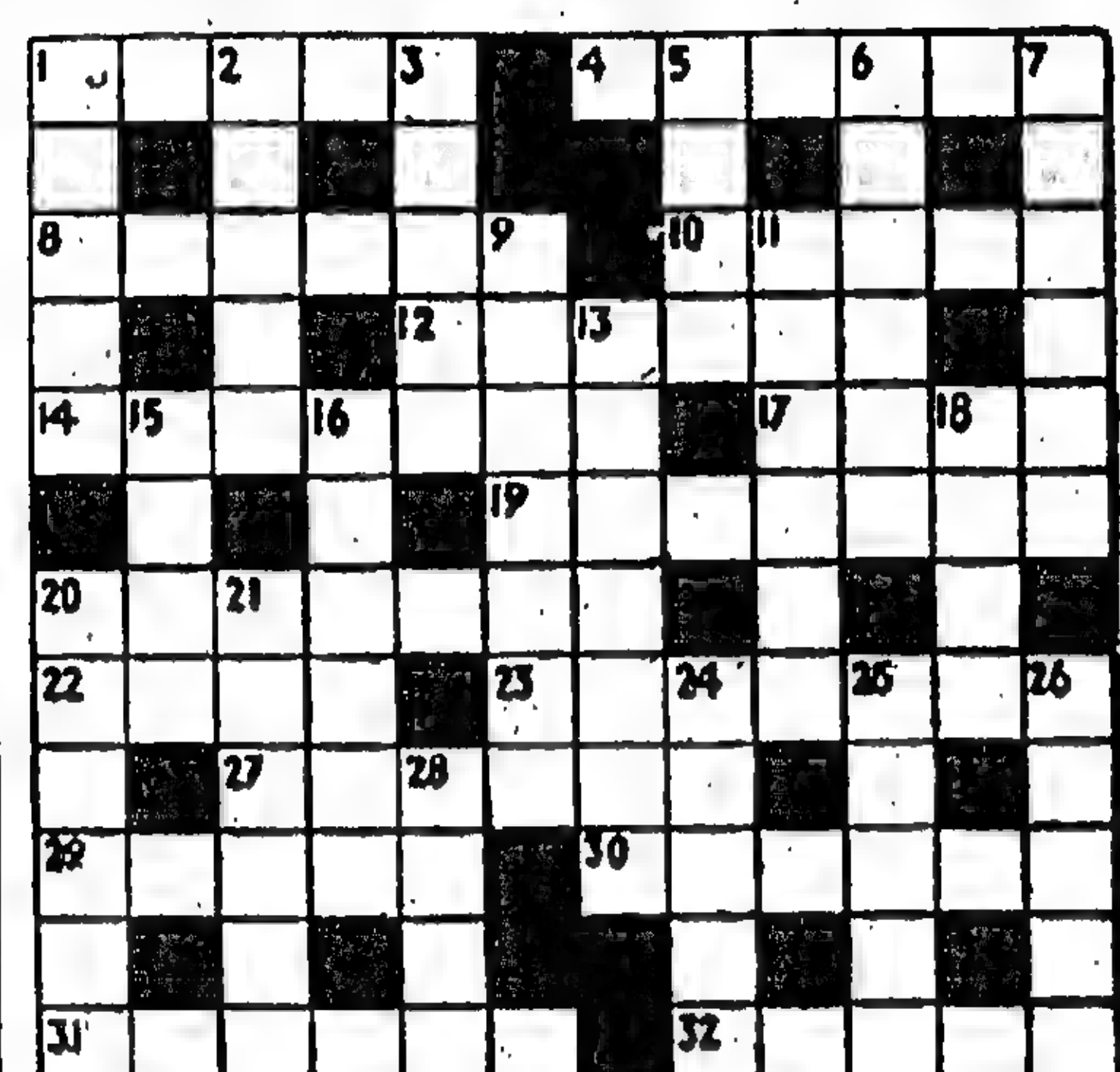
That house used to be known as "The place where Miss Metcalfe lives." Now it is "Where Mr. Michelmores lives."

Says Miss Metcalfe who met and married Mr. Michelmores after they had appeared on opposite ends of the Family Favourites wire between London and Germany: "I'm not the least bit jealous. This is the way I have always wanted it."

She kicked off her shoes, put on a butcher's blue and white striped apron, and vanished into the kitchen.

"I like a boss around the house."

A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Low spirits (5).
 - Gradually combines (6).
 - Pat out, as it were (6).
 - They are the best (5).
 - Arise, for example (6).
 - Wreath (7).
 - Do a bunk (4).
 - Keeps on annoying (7).
 - Fit for human consumption (7).
 - Employed us to start with (4).
 - Avoiding artfully (7).
 - Despatch clerk (6).
 - Metric measure (6).
 - A bachelor is (6).
 - Vile imprisonment (6).
 - It may occur to you (6).
- DOWN**
- Base camp (5).
 - Johnny's End for many of the devout (5).
 - Like a raincoat (5).
 - Female animals (4).
 - Lattice screen (6).
 - Domestic upstivals (6).
 - Joined up (7).
 - Knocked off (6).
 - They provide concealment for arms (7).
 - Are (5).
 - Years (6).
 - Ireland (4).
 - Wash-mas (5).
 - He could be said to have a try-ing time (6).
 - Beckie yourself (5).
 - Cozy corner (6).
 - Temporary resident (5).
 - Useful to fishermen and cricketers (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3. Holidays, 8. Drug, 9. Revert, 11. Attended, 13. Damn, 15. Mouthful, 16. Treasure, 19. Adam, 23. Bladder, 25. Torment, 27. Hamster, 29. I Hate (Best), 31. Rust, 4. Open, 5. Iced, 6. Arena, 7. Satan, 9. Flight, 10. Versus, 13. Therm, 14. Morse, 16. Fraud, 17. Later, 19. Altar, 20. Error, 21. Stall, 23. Lots, 25. Evil, 26. Hake.

(RETURN TO CHINA, by James Bortram. Heinemann, 25 shillings).
(NEXT STOP—PEKING, by R. J. Minney. Nownes, 25 shillings).
(SPRINGTIME IN SHANGHAI, by Mabel Wain Smith. Harrap, 15 shillings).

THE last few years have seen the appearance of a prodigious number of books on China. While some of them have been good, most of them have been bad or indifferent. The present difficulty in obtaining accurate information about China has encouraged those with even the slightest knowledge of that country to rush into print. There can be little doubt that under more normal conditions many of those books would never have seen the light of publication.

In recent weeks three more books on China have been added to the growing list. They are James Bortram's Return to China, R. J. Minney's Next Stop—Peking, and Mabel Wain Smith's Springtime in Shanghai.

Mr Bortram's latest book on China claims to be nothing more than a collection of personal impressions gathered during a month-long visit to that country in 1956 after an absence of ten years. It is not a critical study of the Communist regime, nor is it aimed at presenting a picture of all aspects of Chinese life under Communist rule. If that is kept in mind then Return to China makes pleasant reading.

Mr Bortram is, of course, no stranger to China. As student, journalist and diplomat, he had come to know the old China at first hand. And knowing her, he had fallen in love with her, with the China of eccentric scholars and crooked garden walks, of matching couplets and the finger-game. But he knew too that behind that romantic facade lurked the spectres of hunger and want.

New China

Today a new China has arisen, a China of smoking factories and rolled-steel mills, of collective farming and Five Year Plans. In attempting to banish the ghosts of hunger and want, the new regime has also banished some of the sparkle and mellowness of the old life.

Mr Bortram's book represents an attempt to come to terms with the new China and his own chief concern has been "to discover how far the characteristic Chinese qualities of tolerance, good-humour, and readiness to compromise had survived under what is very much a totalitarian regime."

Mr Minney, on the other hand, attempts to draw no political conclusions in his book. He puts forward no startling new thought. In fact he adds little that is new to our knowledge of China under the Communists.

His book is also the outcome of a visit to China in 1956, when he was invited to deliver an address in Peking at the celebration of Bernard Shaw's Centenary. He took his opportunity to visit parts of North China, and the book-like Mr Bortram's is intended as a personal record of the travels.

While Mr Minney may be a little more critical of what he saw than Mr Bortram, he is also less competent, due to his lack of background knowledge of China. For example, he makes much of being offered tea wherever he went, whereas anyone knowing China, either past or present, would take that for granted.

Like the books on China written by those who are newly acquainted with the ancient land, Next Stop—Peking brings in that inevitable bit about the Great Wall, the scenic beauty of Hangchow, and the history of the Boxer Rebellion. All that may be very well for the uninitiated, but it is not very rewarding—reading for those seeking fresh information about Communist China.

How Little

Being a veteran film producer, Mr Minney is at his best when he is within his own frame of reference, when he is telling us what is going on in the film industry and in the theatres of China. His book also has the advantage of many black-and-white and coloured photographs as illustration.

Of the Shanghai books, Springtime in Shanghai is the most disappointing. It is a rambling, disjointed narrative, outstanding in its shaky history and misinformation.

The book purports to be an account of life in China as lived by Mrs Smith. But it turned out to be a record of that artificial existence led by the foreign set in Shanghai, where Mrs Smith enjoyed "table rank" at formal dinners, played mah jong (but not for money), attended race meetings, and commanded the services of a cook-boy, a wash amah, and "six assorted but well-trained under-servants." That is, when she is not busy trying to be a professional Sinoophile.

A passage in the dedication page of her book appears as follows: "This book attempts no large round answers to political questions. But, whichever side you are on, China is bound to remain the place as a great world Power. May these many personal adventures while living there—give you the colourful idea that rich experiences are in store when the oldest nation on earth, her house once again, in order, opens a welcoming door to Westerners."

To think that the type of life she led can ever return shows how little she has understood China in life or having lived there for more than a decade.

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VIGNETTES OF LIFE

In Conference

By Harry Weinert



IN CONFERENCE WITH HIS CONSCIENCE—SERVICE WITH A SMILE REPAIRMAN MAKING OUT HIS BILL.



DON'T CALL THE COPS—THEY'RE ONLY PLOTTING THE DEMISE OF GARDEN PESTS.

"—THEN I SAY, 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE SHOW?'—THEN YOU SAY, 'I'M JUST HERE FOR NICE'—THEN I AD LIB, 'NICE GOING'—THEN YOU GO."



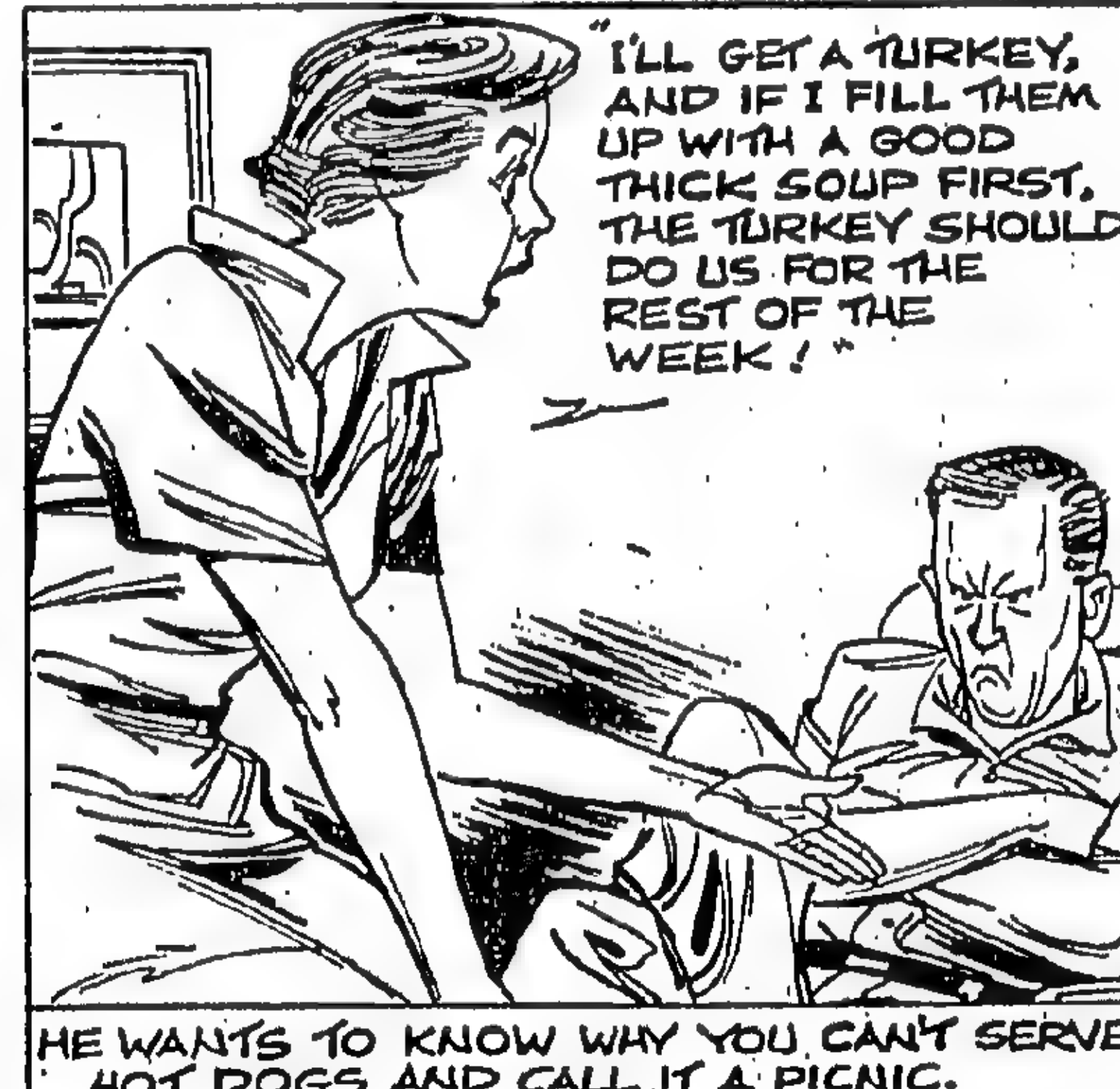
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SMALL POWWOW.



PRICE FIXING CONFERENCE.

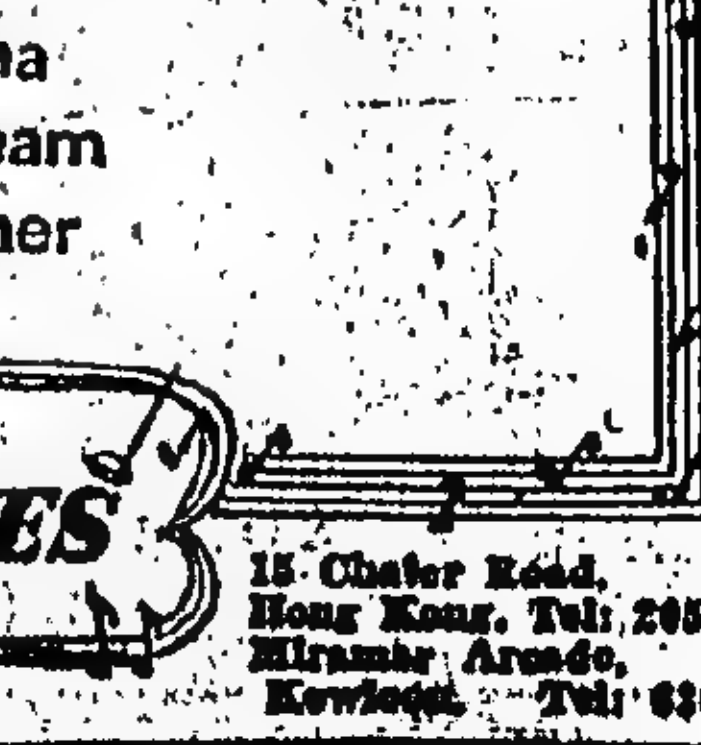
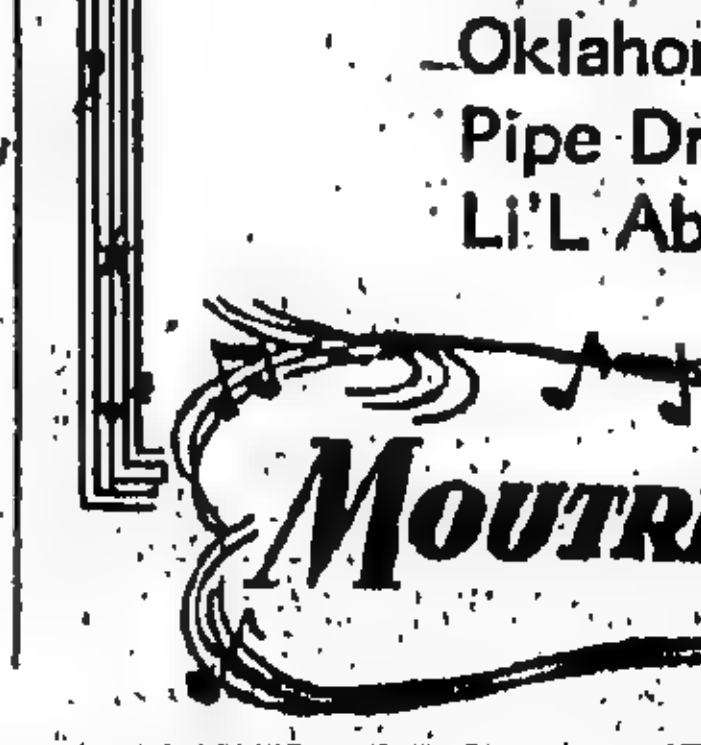
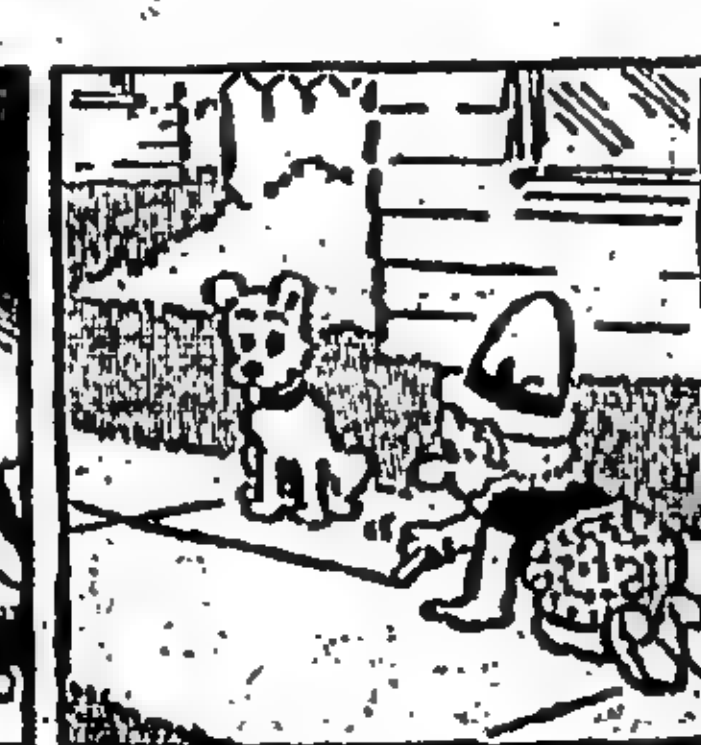


HE WANTS TO KNOW WHY YOU CAN'T SERVE HOT DOGS AND CALL IT A PICNIC.



END OF CONFERENCE.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.



THAT TOTAL KITCHEE ECLIPSE

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Comets And War Eagles Clash Should Be The Most Evenly Matched

Says "TIME OUT"

After ten busy and exciting weeks, local Softball slackens its pace as only three games are down for decision this Sunday — two in the Junior League and one in the Ladies'. Of the three games the Junior tilt between the Comets and War Eagles should be the most evenly matched. In the other Junior games, the South China nine will cross bats with J. F. Yeo's Wah Ying, whilst in the Ladies' Division the Champion South China entertain the Undergraduates from Pokfulam.

At long last the cellar-dwellers, the Wah Ying and South China, cross bats to decide which team will remain winless. The Wah Ying boys have shown their fighting spirit in all their games and have played heads up all along. Never did they once give up even when there was practically no hope. Manager Yee has obtained the signature of H. A. Stewart and whether his presence in the roster will have any effect remains only to be seen.

South China—the victims of two no-hitters—have on paper a stronger side but have yet to win a game to prove themselves. If the Nam Wah boys would settle down and decide to play ball, then they are almost certain to break into the win column this Sunday. This game is scheduled for Sunday at 10.00 a.m.

Fair Maidens

Immediately following this tussle the fair maidens take over the diamond when the Champion South China meet the University nine at 11.30 a.m.

The Undergraduates have not won a game yet and it is very unlikely that they will break into the win column as the Nam Wah lassies boast all-round strength. The girls from Pokfulam are very keen and the lack of a suitable coach is pretty much in evidence. If South China pitcher 'Peanut' Yim is in form the outfielders had better have a cup of coffee. The Undergraduates will have to depend on pitcher Frances, 'the U's backbone' Silva to hurl them to victory.

The last game will be played off at 2.00 p.m. when Sheridan

Hamet's proud Comets battle it out with the War Eagles. This game will be of great importance to the Comets as they cannot afford to lose a game if they intend to stay in the running.

Hamet will probably have Reggie Hamet doing pitching duties and Michael Hussain at the receiving end.

The infield quartet of this proud team will consist of Johnny Bryant at the windy alley and O. Oel at the initial sack. Keeping post at the key-stone will be D. Osman and tubby Donald Kotwall will guard the hot corner.

Outer Gardens

In the outer gardens, C. Chow, John Goodair, and Carlman will be seen in action at left, centre and right respectively.

It is not known what the War Eagles' line-up will be like, but it is evident that M. L. "No-Hitter" Lau will be facing the mound. Lau, after his brilliant no-hit, no-run game last year has been rather disappointing this season. Both sides are just about evenly matched, but the Comets,

being rather more aggressive, should take this scuffle.

However, they can be sure that this game will not be handed to them on a silver platter as the Eagles have the never-say-die attitude that nearly helped them to beat the champion Seminoles, Cheyennes and Dodgers. Fans are assured that there will be lots of action until the last out.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Real Madrid.
2. Russia (three).
3. Uruguay and Italy.
4. RAC Tourist Trophy, first held in the Isle of Man in 1905.
5. Bill Tilden.
6. (a) Basketball, (b) Baseball, (c) Rugby.
7. Oxford won by one goal and one try to nil.
8. Holland.
9. (a) Boxing, (b) Football, (c) Golf.
10. W. G. Grace.

A Soccer Lesson To Be Learned Here

Says I. M. MacTAVISH

The total eclipse of Kitchee by KMB last Sunday has stuck in my mind throughout the week. At first I thought mainly about the five goals and how easily it might have been double that number; then I thought about the utter inability of the more mature Kitchee players to match the virility and versatility of the younger opposition.

Soon, however, that strain of thought was replaced by others which dug a little deeper into the true significance of the game: dug into the hidden importance of the Busmen's victory and laid it on an assessment scale alongside the humiliation which Kitchee suffered.

I wonder how many among the great capacity crowd really appreciated what they were seeing. I wonder how many of them paused to consider how the two teams they were watching developed mutual confidence.

It is well worth examining the respective methods which were employed in assembling the two line-ups and then to evaluate them again in the light of the result.

KMB's officials have systematically built up their present side over a number of years and only Leung Kit joined the club this season. All the others have been gradually fashioned into a definite KMB pattern and they have acquired a fine sense of team spirit in the process.

The present run of success is the culmination of intelligent long-term planning and the players are now contributing the little bit extra which brings victory on the one hand and bullies in the other.

It is indeed a happy state of club affairs and the KMB officials must be delighted at the way things have worked out.

Some sense that KMB is a team. The side has managed to stay in a prominent position in the League race but, with the sole exception of a goal performance against South China, it has seldom turned in anything but mediocre displays since the season started. . . . and on several occasions it has played football of the poorest quality.

Dumas' Spirit

Last Sunday, when 'the chips were really down,' the Kitchee outfit was literally run off its feet by a collection of players who, if they looked the part, were not. . . . the players of Chu Wing-keung and his colleagues, had the simple advantage of a self-confidence based on a one-for-one spirit which all, all-for-one spirit which Kitchee could never match.

Somewhere in all this there must surely be a lesson for all Hongkong's soccer world to learn: there must surely be a pointer to the advantages or disadvantages of the different methods of team-building.

I know which I prefer. In football, as in many other sports, it is a fact that a team of stars is not necessarily a star team. . . . but it is also significant that a star team very often manages to outshine a side carefully built on the stinky foundation of individual star reputations.

Some years ago a London manager summed this situation up rather neatly after his all-star side had suffered a rather inglorious defeat. When pushed to a comment he said, "Stars always remind me of two things: a compass and a gasometer."

In football it is too often the latter. Anyone like a star-inspired user?

So if the Kitchee officials had a touch of sunny trouble after eating last Sunday's humble pie, maybe they can take a little comfort from the fact that others before them have suffered the same symptoms for exactly the same reason.

Half-Empty Stadium

Many folks who went to the Hongkong Stadium last week for the big game were as surprised as I was to see the spectators get up and walk out of the ground when KMB scored their fifth goal in spite of the fact that some 32 minutes still remained for play. The game finished in a half-empty stadium.

I've seen the game played in a few countries in my time, but I cannot think of any other place where this would happen.

One character who walked out with the crowd when 20 minutes were left said he thought there ought to be a soccer law like the one in boxing which allows the referee to call a premature halt if one of the contestants is so outclassed that

A gracious welcome to your guests



More & more people are drinking
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MORPHY-RICHARDS

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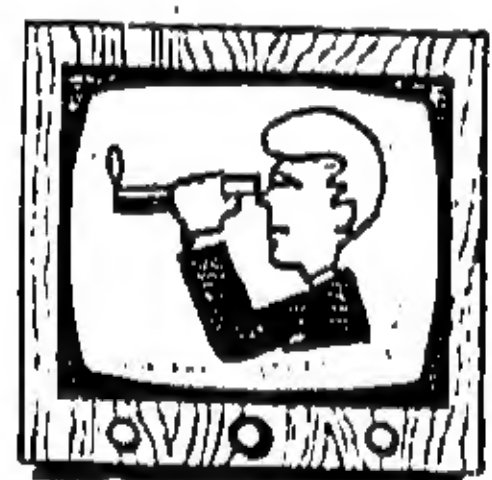


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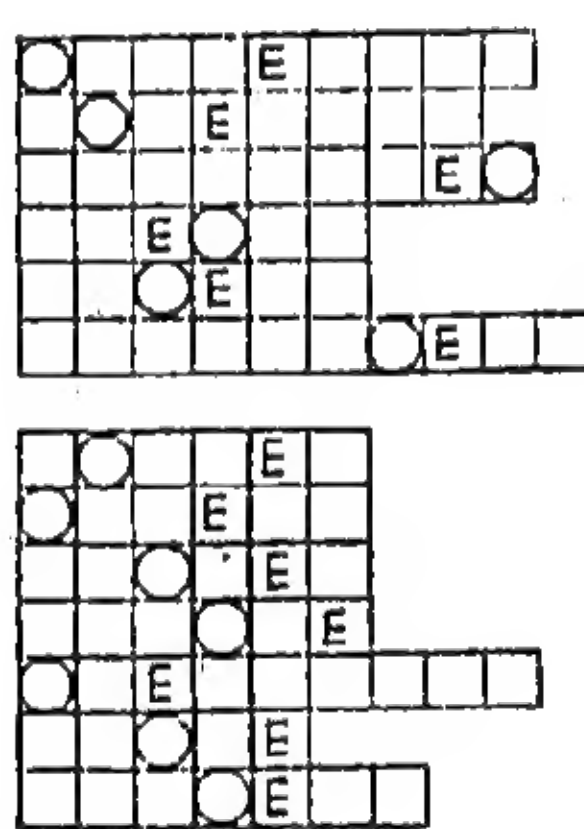
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NAMESAKES



- 1 Opinion
- 2 Sir Roger
- 3 Makes fun of
- 4 Man of iron
- 5 Not Pickwick
- 6 Book people
- 7 Famous periodical
- 8 Protect
- 9 Classroom
- 10 Not Sanchez Panza
- 11 Onlooker
- 12 Not verse
- 13 Courtesy

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



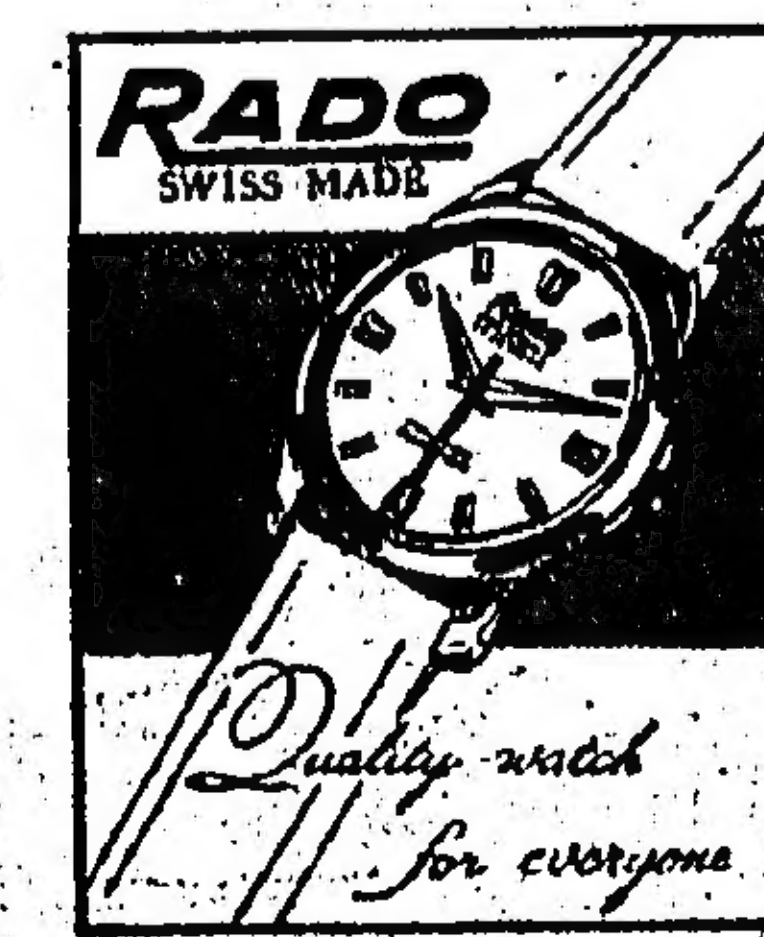
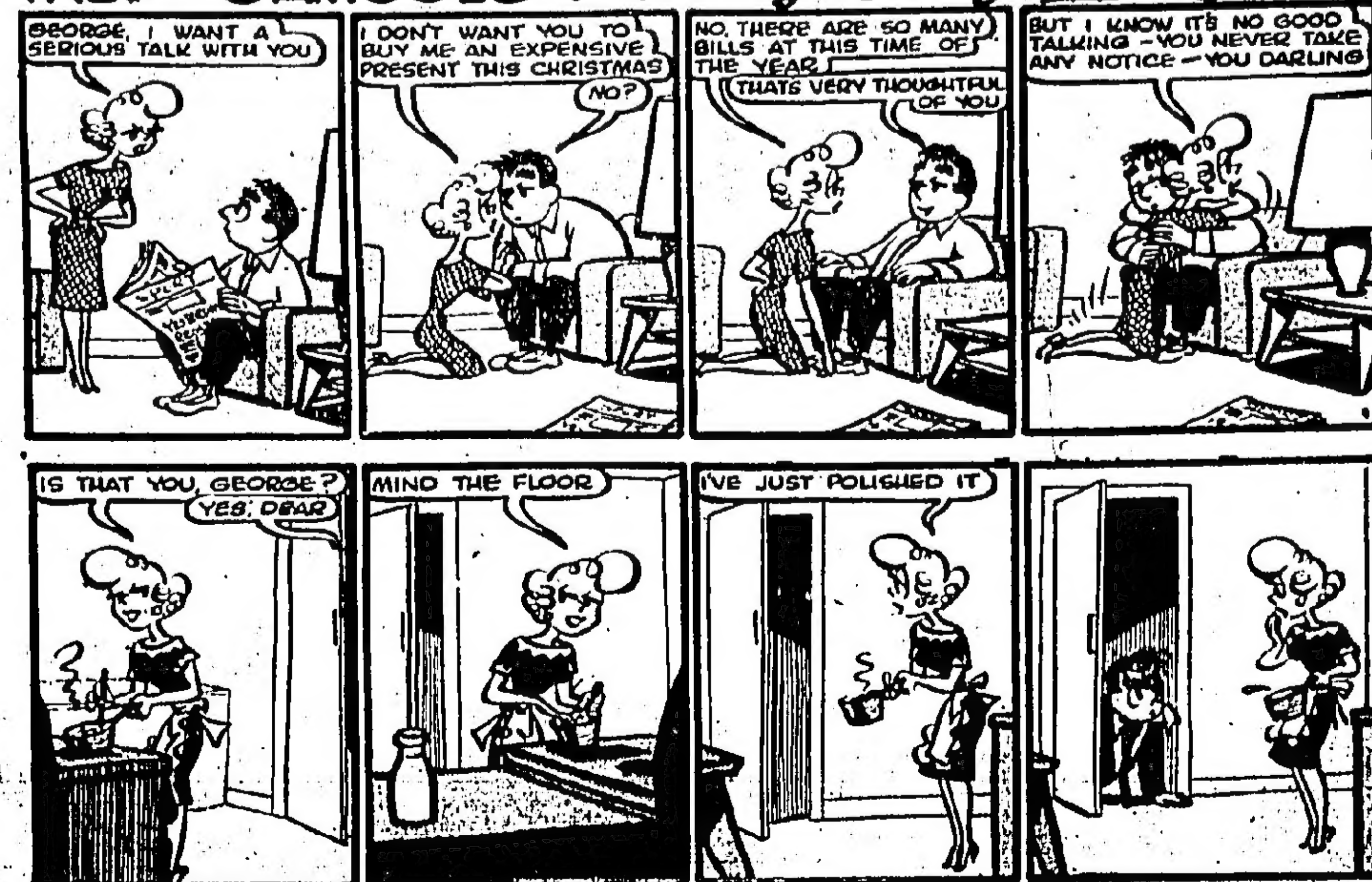
Solution on Back Page

BE SPECIFIC
fly
CATHAY
PACIFIC



SAFETY FIRST ALWAYS

THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



HAIR-RAISING ADVENTURE:

COLTER OUTWITS BLACKFEET

HAVE YOU EVER been to Yellowstone Park? Long before the geysers and hot pots had been seen by white men, the region was known to the Indians. They thought it was inhabited by evil spirits.

It was in 1807 that some traders established a fort and trading post at the mouth of the Big Horn River in Wyoming. One of the traders, John Colter, started out on snow shoes to meet with the Indians and trade supplies for furs.

He travelled past the Teton Peaks, through Jackson Hole and into the land of wonders that we know today as Yellowstone Park. As he went from one bubbling pool to another he said, "This must be the region the Indians talk about. I'm not



All day long Colter kept out of sight beneath the raft.

chance to save your life. If you can outrun my warriors you may go free."

Colter's clothes were stripped from him and he stood naked before the savages. The chief said, "Now, save yourself, if you can."

Colter was really a very good runner and now, spurred on by the slim chance of saving his life, he surprised even himself by his swiftness.

SAFETY MILES AWAY

He knew that his only hope lay in reaching the river—about five miles away. He ran until the blood streamed from his nose. He sped on until he had outdistanced all of his pursuers except one, who was fast gaining on him.

He saw only one way out. Stopping still, Colter spread his arms and tripped the Indian, whose spear was broken in the fall. He killed the Indian and continued his swift race to the river.

When he reached the bank he dived under an old raft that luckily happened to be floating near. There were trees and shrubbery about so that he could occasionally raise his head above the water.

He had but a few minutes' respite before the Indians reached the river, yelling with frenzy because they had lost their prey. All day long Colter kept out of sight beneath the raft. When darkness fell he made his way to the opposite bank and stole away.

For days he travelled under the blazing sun, naked and barefoot. At night there was no protection from the cold. His only food was the roots he dug from the ground.

But a man who could outwit and outrun a band of Indians was not likely to be beaten by the forces of nature. At the end of a week John Colter was back at the fort with his fellow trappers.

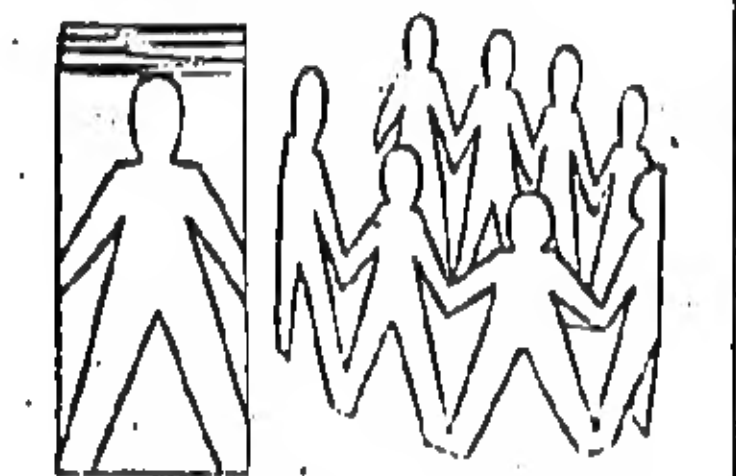
—MABEL HARMER

HOW TO MAKE THE TO CANNIBALS DANCE

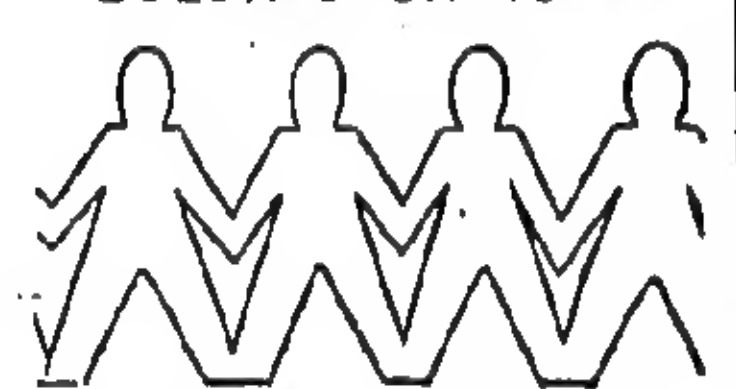
1. Cut a strip of TYPEWRITER PAPER 2 inches wide and 11 inches long.

2. Fold it into 8 parts $\frac{1}{8}$ in. wide like this.

3. DRAW A CANNIBAL ON THE TOP SECTION AND CUT OUT A CANNIBAL CHAIN.



4. COLOR THE CHAIN WITH COLORED CRAYONS.



5. PASTE HANDS AND FEET TOGETHER INTO A CIRCLE.

6. PINCH SEVERAL SMALL HOLES IN A CARDBOARD. PUT OVER A COOKING PAN. PUT 2 IN. OF WATER IN PAN AND BOIL. WATCH THE CANNIBALS DANCE.

surprised that they think it is the home of evil spirits." When he went back to the fort and told the other men of his discovery they merely laughed and said, "Nonsense! You're just using your imagination overtime." So he had to wait for another opportunity to prove that he had really seen this place of wonders.

NARROWEST ESCAPE

Except for one of the narrowest escapes on record Colter would never have had that chance.

One summer day he and another white man by the name of Potts were travelling in canoes up the Jefferson River looking for beaver. As they came around a bend they were horrified to see a band of warriors on the shore. The

chief motioned for the two men to come in.

Colter started to obey but Potts cried, "I'm not going in. I'll take no chances with the Blackfeet."

"But you've no chance out here," warned Colter.

For answer, Potts raised his rifle and fired at one of the Indians. A second later he was the target for a dozen arrows.

Colter went ashore but he knew now that his chances for life were less than ever.

The Indians marched him over to their lodges. Then, deciding to make what sport they could of his death, they asked, "Can you run?" Colter had a faint glimmer of what their plan might be and he answered, "No, I am a poor runner."

"That is bad," said the chief. "We are going to give you a

Ring Recalls Famous Ancestor

TO MOST OF HER student friends, Helene's name is a little unusual, but still just another name. But from her history professor it prompted the question, "Any relation to the Baron?"

In reply, the coed flashed a signed ring bearing a famous coat of arms. It was the crest of Baron Frederick Wilhelm Von Steuben, aide-de-camp to Frederick the Great of Prussia and later drillmaster for George Washington's troops at Valley Forge during the Revolutionary War.

Helene Von Steuben explained that she is a great-great-granddaughter of the Baron. She is from Bethlehem, Pa.

The Baron became a soldier at 14. He resigned his commission in the



Helene Von Steuben seals a letter with her ring.

Prussian army to become drillmaster of Washington's troops. A statue of him stands today in Washington, D.C.

Helene is the great-great-granddaughter of Dr. Peter Von Steuben, the Baron's brother, who settled in Easton, Pa. The doctor and his brother visited each other frequently during and after the war for independence.

While she is proud of her noted ancestor, Helene is a bit better at her ancestors did, by melting wax on the envelope and pressing her ring into it.

A music major at an Ohio college, she has chosen a difficult and unusual career. Helene hopes to be a musical therapist, teaching crippled persons how to use their hands by means of the rhythms in music.

START OF A NEW FAD

A SIGNATURE SCARF! To make the signatures permanent, embroider the pencilled names with embroidery floss. Or, trace over the writing with indelible cloth-marking ink. If you use the ink system, be careful not to use too much ink on the pen. Excess ink can make blots on the scarf.

To make this clever accessory you'll need a plain, light-colored scarf. When you meet your friends, ask them to write their names on the scarf, using a soft black lead pencil.

To make the signatures permanent, embroider the pencilled names with embroidery floss. Or, trace over the writing with indelible cloth-marking ink. If you use the ink system, be careful not to use too much ink on the pen. Excess ink can make blots on the scarf.

To make this clever accessory you'll need a plain, light-colored scarf. When you meet your friends, ask them to write their names on the scarf, using a soft black lead pencil.

PAPER-BAG HOUSE

CUT OFF BOTTOM PORTION OF PAPER BAG; DOOR, ROOF AND ROOF ON TOP.



A COMPLETE VILLAGE OF THESE HOUSES CAN BE MADE BY USING BAGS OF DIFFERENT SIZES.

400,000 WHO

THE BADGER IS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER AS A FIGHTER. IT NEVER SURRENDERS. NO MATTER HOW GREAT THE ODDS, IT CAN HANDLE TWICE ITS WEIGHT IN WILD CATS, COYOTES OR DOGS.



CALIFORNIA HAS THE LARGEST DEER POPULATION IN THE U.S. WITH MORE THAN A MILLION ANIMALS.



THE BRONTOSAURUS, LONG-EXTINCT PLANT-EATING DINOSAUR, WAS THE LARGEST ANIMAL EVER TO WALK THE EARTH. AN AVERAGE ANIMAL WEIGHED MORE THAN 30 TONS AND MEASURED 70 FEET LONG.

Jill's Shadow Takes A Holiday

By MABEL HARMER

JIGGLES was a shadow—a very black, very lively shadow. The reason he was so lively was that he belonged to Jill, who was a very lively little girl. She loved to jump the rope, skip-to-my-Lou, skip to anything.

One day she skipped down to the store to buy a bag of lollipops. Jiggles waited outside because shadows weren't allowed in the store. "That girl!" he sighed. "She's always on the go. I never get any rest."

"You're lucky and don't know it," said a large shadow who was also waiting outside. "I belong to that fat lady who just went in. We never do anything but piddle along. I'd give anything for a chance to run down the street."

"Then why don't we trade?" suggested Jiggles quickly. "You'll get some fun and I'll get a rest. Is it a deal?"

"Certainly is. Here comes my lady now. Run along. I mean, piddle along."

Jiggles followed the fat lady. In fact Jiggles had a hard time keeping behind her because he was used to going so much faster than that. She stopped to talk to everybody.

How Jiggles longed to be skipping behind Jill again! But he knew that he couldn't go off and leave the lady without a shadow. It simply wasn't done. For three days he poked along



"I'M A BUGY SHADOW. THAT LITTLE GIRL KEEPS ME HOPPING!"

Just ahead he saw Jill go into the store. Oh, how he wanted to run! But no, he had to piddle along with the fat lady. When they reached the store he saw the other shadow resting against the wall.

"Boy, am I glad to see you!" panted the other shadow. "I'm so tired I could die."

"You mean you'll trade back again?" cried Jiggles joyously. "I'll say I will. I'm worn to a shadow. I mean, I'm—"

"I know, I know," replied Jiggles. He couldn't wait to say goodbye for just then Jill came out of the store and off they went.

Weather Log Fine Pastime

DID YOU ever keep a weather chart? A record of the sunny days, the cloudy days and the stormy days? It's fun to do, and here's how it's done.

First, get a good, big calendar sheet for the month for which you are keeping the chart. Fasten it to your bedroom door or wall.

Next, each night before you go to bed, chart the weather for that day. If the day is sunny and fine, draw a bright yellow sun in the square for that day. If the day has been rainy, splotter the square with lots and lots of little pencil raindrops.

If the day has been one of those dull, grey days with neither rain nor sun, you might colour the whole square a light grey. If the day is a mixture of sun and rain, you can decorate the square with both sun and raindrops.

In windy times add a tiny letter "W" to the centre of each raindrop and turn the rain to wind. When you have finished your chart for a whole month, you can easily settle any argument that comes up about the past weather by consulting your own weather chart.

HOME FOR PAPER DOLLS

IF YOUR paper dolls got torn and messy long before you are ready to part with them, maybe it's because they don't have a good home.

You can make one with the simplest materials. All you will need are:

1. A loose-leaf notebook.
2. Notebook paper.
3. Paste.

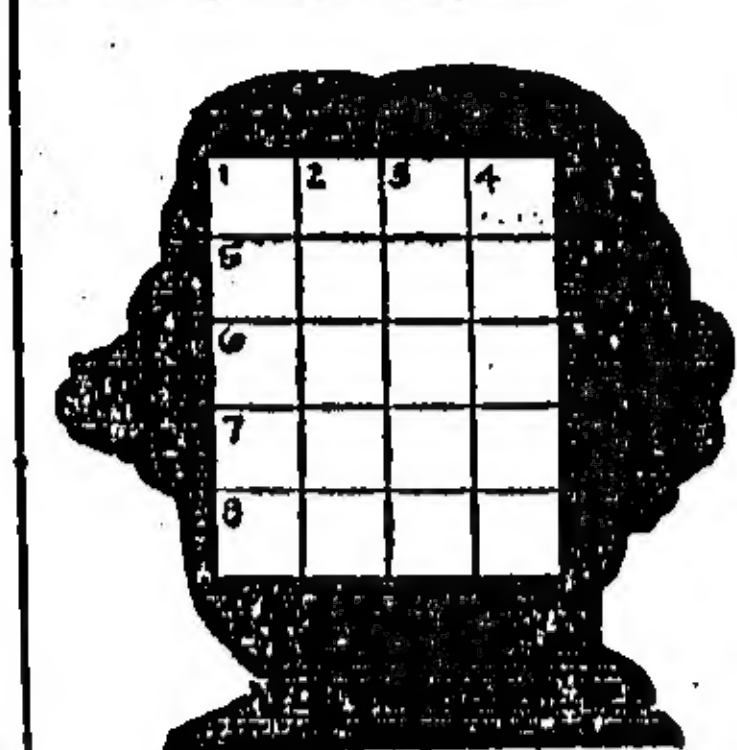
Here's what you do. Put paper in notebook. Make pockets by cutting off the top half of EVERY OTHER page, and pasting the remaining half to the next whole page. Paste only around the two sides and bottom of the half-piece, leaving the top open to form a pocket.

Slide each doll and its clothes in a separate pocket, and print the doll's name on the outside.

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

Thomas Jefferson's alibi was used as a background for The Puzzlemaster's crossword puzzle by Cartoonist Cal.



DIAMOND

Jefferson had strong faith in the CONSENT of the governed, which fact The Puzzlemaster uses as the centre of his diamond. The second word is "decay"; third "Hindu" queen; fifth "years between 12 and 20"; and sixth "an abstract being." Complete the diamond:

C
O
N
S
E
N
T

SCRAMBLED MESSAGE

It seems The Puzzlemaster had some trouble with his sentence about Thomas Jefferson, so you can help him get straightened out.

died 1826, as was Thomas on the John Monticello, 4, day at Jefferson same buried July and Adams

JEFFERSONIAN MIX UPS

By rearranging the letters in each line, you will find each contains a fact pertaining to Thomas Jefferson: DIPS THEIR TREND SUCH AT PURE AI SALON SKILL ANEW CARD

(Solutions on Page 19)

Call For Chanty Clair

—He Didn't Have Much Time To Talk—

By MAX TRELL

USUALLY, late at night, when everyone in the house was asleep except the Owls, Mrs. Cuckoo, though she looked like a bird, was made of wood. She was wooden through and through, from the tip of her beak to the end of her tail.

Nevertheless Mrs. Cuckoo had a worm (though a wooden) heart. There never was a friendlier bird, wooden or otherwise, than she.

Now it happened on this particular night that she came out of her clock and settled down on the floor next to Knarf and Hand.

"I wonder," she said, "if you'll mind my using the telephone."

Mrs. Cuckoo didn't mean a regular ordinary telephone. She meant the magic telephone that stood behind the curtain at the end of the bookcase.

"Of course you may use the telephone," said Hand. "Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Cuckoo. And suddenly she said: "Oh dear!"

"Something the matter, Mrs. Cuckoo?" asked Knarf.

"Yes," said Mrs. Cuckoo. "I forgot the number. I wrote it down somewhere. Now I can't remember where."

Hand said that was easily fixed. "We'll call Information," she said.

"Oh, that would be lovely," said Mrs. Cuckoo in a grateful voice. "Would you mind dialing Information for me? It's a little difficult for me to do."

Knarf and Hand didn't wonder at that. Mrs. Cuckoo would have to dial with her wing tips or with her feet.

"I'll be glad to dial for you, Mrs. Cuckoo," said Hand.

So they all went to the little telephone behind the curtain at the end of the bookcase.

But just as Hand was about to dial Information, she stopped.

"Whose Number?"

"What number do you want me to get from Information?" Hand asked.

"Not at the moment," Knarf and Hand heard Chanty Clair answering. His voice was so loud that it could clearly be heard coming over the telephone. "The winds have died down. I'm very glad to speak to you."

Then Knarf and Hand heard Mrs. Cuckoo ask Chanty Clair how he felt and couldn't he come and visit her soon. But Chanty Clair never got to answering, for suddenly Knarf and Hand heard the wind blowing. They heard Chanty Clair switching around.

Mrs. Cuckoo, signed as she hung up the phone. "Poor dear," she said, "he's always busy when the wind starts blowing. It's a weather vane. I don't suppose he'll ever get time to come down from the roof of the Courthouse and pay me a visit—not while the wind keeps on blowing."



The Shadows offered to help Mrs. Cuckoo.

Mrs. Cuckoo said: "I'd like to get the telephone number of Mr. Chanty Clair."

"Sounds like a Rooster," Knarf put in.

"That's what he is!" Mrs. Cuckoo nodded, "and a very beautiful one."

"I bet," said Hand, "I know where he lives. He lives in the Chicken House on the other side of the road."

"This time Mrs. Cuckoo shook her head.

"You're thinking of the wrong Rooster," she said. "Mr. Chanty Clair doesn't live in the Chicken House. He lives on top of the Courthouse in the Town Hall."

Knarf and Hand looked astonished, and they were. "I think," said Mrs. Cuckoo, "you'd better dial Information for me. I promised to call Chanty. I don't want to disappoint him."

Then Hand dialed Information and asked her for the telephone number of Mr. Chanty Clair who lived on top of the Courthouse in the Town Hall.

"The telephone number," said Information, "is Windblow 1213. I'll connect you," she said.

Cheerful Voice

A moment later, Hand heard a loud, cheerful voice crowing: "Hello! Hello!"

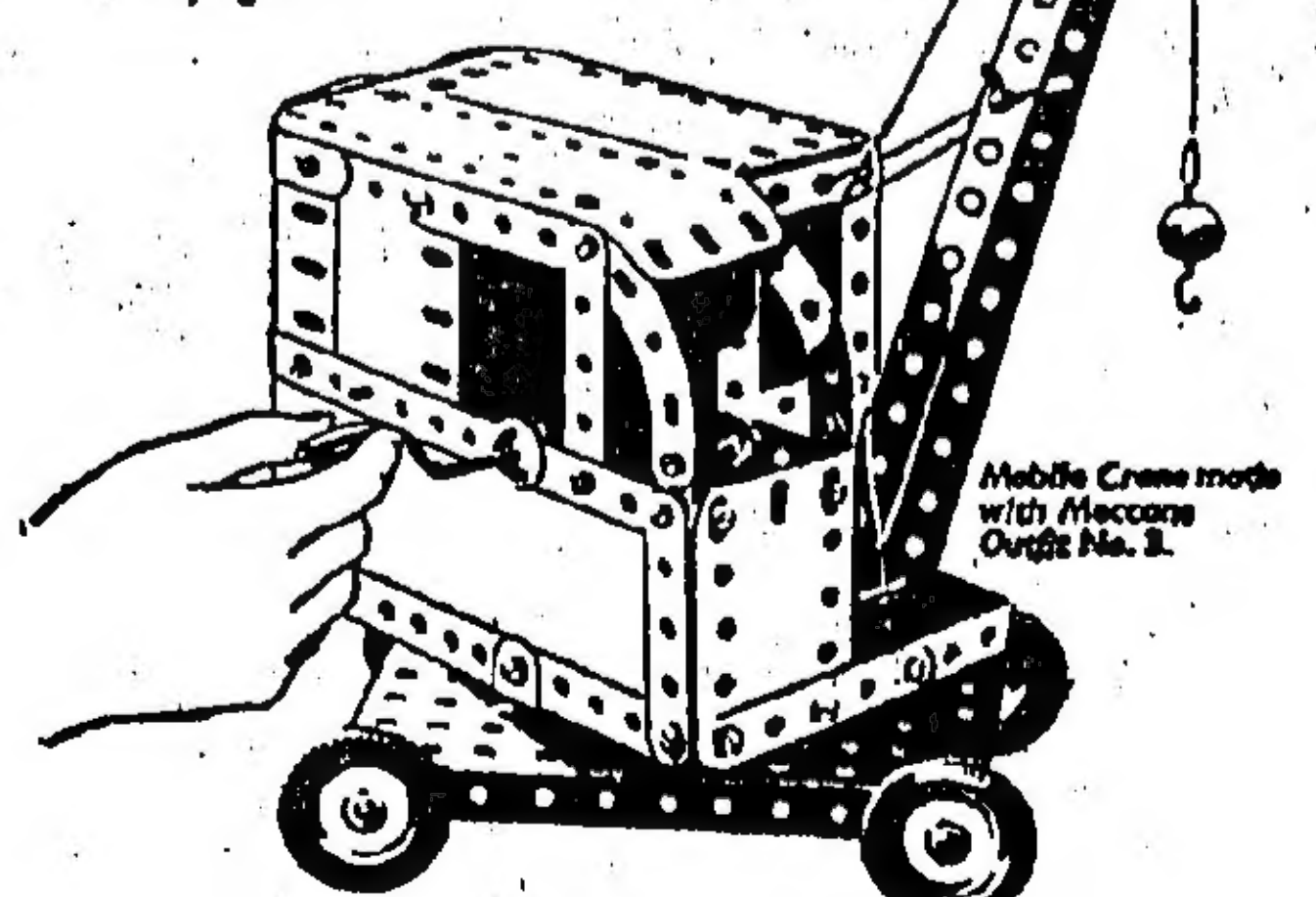
"Just a moment, Mr. Chanty Clair," said Hand. "Mrs. Cuckoo wishes to speak to you. He's on the wire, Mrs. Cuckoo."

"Hello, Chanty," said Mrs. Cuckoo. She held the telephone in her wing. "Are you very busy?"

"Not at the moment," Knarf and Hand heard Chanty Clair answering. His voice was so loud that it could clearly be heard coming over the telephone. "The winds have died down. I'm very glad to speak to you."

Bob's mobile crane was built with a No. 3 outfit . . .

Young Robert loves cranes and he gets endless pleasure building them in Meccano, along with scores of other fine working models. His No. 3 Meccano is a "middle size" outfit, and he hopes it will become a No. 4 on his birthday when he gets a No. 3s accessory outfit. That will mean more elaborate models! The interchangeable metal parts of Meccano make it the most fascinating of all hobbies for boys of every age.



MECCANO

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LIMITED, BRISTOL ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13

Rupert and Rusty—41



Groping their way down the rough dark stairs Rupert liters for any sound from Rusty. "That man came up here alone, so he must have left the boy somewhere down here," he says. "I wish I could hear him." The doors of the lower cupboard are closed, but a



push on the handle opens them and they step out into the brilliantly lit cave-room. The old man can hardly believe his eyes. "There's electric light here," he says. "How on earth did my nephew discover this extraordinary place?"

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Page 20

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1957.

NEW!
SHEAFFER'S
Feathertouch
BALLPOINT

LATEST MOVE IN SPACE RACE

Doolittle And Top US Scientists To Advise Eisenhower

Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, Nov. 29. President Eisenhower today named retired Lt.-Gen. James M. Doolittle and four prominent scientists to a special committee to advise him on scientific matters.

He also transferred the entire 17-member scientific committee from the office of defence mobilisation to the White House to give it "a more direct relationship" with the President. Press Secretary James C. Hagerly said the President approved the appointment of the five new members and the transfer of the committee to the White House last Friday—three days before his cerebral attack.

Doolittle, who led the first World War II raid on Tokyo, is now vice-president of the Shell Oil Co. He also is prominent in aeronautical research and other scientific activities. The expansion of the committee and its transfer to the White House was the latest in a series of steps aimed at offsetting Russia's recent spectacular space and missile successes. The group was renamed "the President's Science Advisory

Committee." Also named to the committee were: Dr. R. F. Bacher, professor of physics at California Institute of Technology; Dr. E. M. Purcell, professor of physics at Harvard University; Dr. Herbert York, director of the Livermore Laboratories at the University of California; and Dr. George B. Kistiakowsky, professor of chemistry at Harvard University.

TESTIMONY

Doolittle also serves on the President's Foreign Intelligence Committee. In testimony before the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee earlier this week, Doolittle told the investigators that Russia was "certainly ahead" of the U.S. in the development of both intermediate range and intercontinental ballistic missiles. He called for an "all-out" programme to develop an anti-missile missile to protect American cities.—United Press.

BORDER MAKE DISASTROUS START AGAINST AUSTRALIA

East London, Nov. 29. Border, the South African Provincial side, made a disastrous start against the touring Australian cricketers here today, losing the first two wickets for as many runs. By lunch, half the home side was out for 55 runs, 30 of which had been made by O. Dawson in an unbeaten stand. J. Drennon (three wickets) was the most successful of the Australian bowlers. O. Dawson improved Border's position by scoring 30 not out by the interval. Border were all out at tea for 142. Dawson was top scorer with 43. The Australians scored 72 for the loss of two wickets at the close.—Reuter.

Competition From Pape

Fukuoka, Japan, Nov. 29. Nilsen University runner Yohakai Kawashima, who placed fifth in the marathon in the Olympic Games last year, was the top favourite today to win the 11th Asahi International Marathon here on Sunday. But Scandinavian marathon champion Paavo Kotila of Finland, Lin Chong Woo of the Republic of Korea, Pavel Katorok of Czechoslovakia, Robert Pape of Hongkong and several Japanese runners were expected to be serious contenders.—United Press.

I. W. HARPER KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY



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a pleasure



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SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"We don't keep the children in the refrigerator, Miss Perkins—they're in the nursery!"

MOB VIOLENCE IN KARACHI

Suhrawardy Is Stoned

Karachi, Nov. 29. Mr H. S. Suhrawardy, leader of the Opposition in Pakistan's National Assembly, narrowly escaped injury today when his car was damaged by demonstrators outside the Assembly building here.

A MISTAKE IN THE DARK

New York, Nov. 29. For two early morning hours, four men packed US\$2,500 worth of women's sweaters into cartons, carried the boxes down three flights of stairs and loaded them in a truck. Then the "lovers" in a dark doorway broke their clutch; two bearded drunks rose up from their "slumber" in the gutter, and jiggered it was the cops.

The sweater burglars gave up quickly. Police said they are suspected of at least 12 other similar robberies from garment plants.—United Press.

NAMESAKES

Answers: 1. Judgement, 2. Coverley, 3. Ridicules, 4. Steele, 5. Papers, 6. Publishers, 7. Tatler, 8. Defend, 9. Ladies, 10. Squire, 11. Spectator, 12. Press, 13. Manners.

Joseph Addison.

An Unusual Musical Combination

By R. A. BONES

Last night we heard the first of two recitals given by Edward Vito (Harpist) and Arthur Lora (Flautist). This is a most unusual musical combination of instruments for the concert platform, but it proved to be a most pleasant and attractive one.

The first thing that struck me was how well these two instruments blend together and supplement each other. Although most of the time used to hearing the flute, the harp is something of a rarity today. I was amazed at the tremendous tonal range which a master of the instrument such as Mr Vito could produce from his instrument, as well as the wide dynamic range he covered.

Mr Lora on the flute is something more limited but nevertheless produced a most satisfying performance. The two together were really a joy to hear.

HIGHLIGHT

The highlight of the programme was undoubtedly the rarely heard concerto for flute, harp and orchestra (K. 289) by Mozart. Although Mozart was more or less compromised into writing this concerto, for he thought little of the harp and flute as solo instruments, he wrote a delightful concerto, exploiting the two instruments to the full.

Last night this concerto was played magnificently by the two soloists who were accompanied by the Hongkong Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Arrigo Foa and led by S. M. Bard. Although the orchestra produced their usual sympathetic accompaniment, I am sorry to report that they were somewhat ragged at times.

A second concert is to be given tonight by these two artists with an entirely different programme, again in the Loke Yew Hall of the University at 9.30 p.m. I cannot recommend this highly enough to all music lovers; I can promise them a rare musical treat.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

LEWES Lewis Gun Maxim
Saw Bat Seated Tossed Tainted
Taunted Tinted Dyed Died
Fruit Plum Lump Hump Camel
Hair Swither Side Slide Time
Piece Meal Real Estate Duty
Duty Miller Tiller Teller Fortune
Hunter Hunter and Cow Goo Age
Ade Fins Furo Ruse Sure Surf Surf
Self Elit ELY.

US H-BOMB PATROLS: QUESTIONS

London, Nov. 29. Labour members of Parliament will ask the Government a new series of questions in the House of Commons next week concerning the disclosure that British-based American planes are patrolling 24 hours a day with hydrogen bombs on board, it was announced today.

Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, and Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd this week confirmed that the American planes were carrying

H-bombs but added that the bombs were not "armed" and could only become active after certain technical operations. Some of the questions will ask for details on the security guarantees in case of accident or forced landing by one of the planes. Other questions will deal with the assurances received by Britain from the United States, which have agreed to consult Britain before giving the order to use the bombs carried by British-based planes.—France-Press.

REDIFFUSION

11. a.m. Morning Medley:
1.30. "The Night Jack" Episode 14:
12 Noon Time Time 12.30 p.m. Three
Men on a Mike—Paul Robeson,
Leila, A. Hutchins and Fats
Domino; 1. Kovboy Capers—Teddy
Wilson at the Keyboard; 1.15.
News Report, News and Special
Announcements: 1.30. George
Melachro and his Orchestra; 4.
Saturday Requests—Presented by
Betty: 3. Year by Year—The song
hits of 1957; 3.50. Philo Vance
Episode 2: "The Merry
Case"; 4. Songs of the Fringe; 4.30.
Rhythm Parade; 5. Melody Magic;
5.45. Meet The Stars—Starring Jini
Southern and Benny Payne; 5.50.
Sunday Mailings; 6. Unit Requests—
Presented by Jane: 7. Time Signal,
and the News; 7.05. Weather Report
and Announcements; 7.15. Talk
On The Colony Civil Defence
Exercises by the Hon. C.E.M. Terry;
7.20. Song Line—Lee Cummings;
De La Chanson; 7.30. Rediffusion
Jazz Club—Presented by Philip
Dickens; 7.45. Free Amigos; 8.15.
Strange Tale of Eastern—
Episode 44; 8.30. Voice of Sport;
8.35. Shiro Hit Parade; 8.50. Music
From Maxima; 9. Hollywood Open
House—Starring Anita Louisa and
Jack Gleason; 10.30. Harlem
Burnside; 11. Dance Party; 12. Miss
Night, God Save The Queen. Close
Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. Guy Lombardo and his
Orchestra; 2.30. "Life of Riley";
2.50. Commentary from the Hong-
kong Jockey Club; 3.00. Children's
Feature: "My Love"; 3.15. Children's
Hour—Cartoons; 3.30. Children's
Songs—Starring Anita Louisa and
Jack Gleason; 3.45. Children's Film:
"Man Killa"; 3.50. Close Down.
7.20. "Blonde" and "Brunette"
Featuring Shirley Simmons and
Jan Carter with Terry Martin at
The Piano; 7.40. Newsweek; 8.
Cantonese Serial Film: "Happy
Reunion" (Part 1); 8.30. Cantonese
hitcheck Presents: "The Perfect
Murder"; 9. Crunch and Don;
Parade Feller in "The Big Cat";
9.30. Dangerous Assignment: "The
Bhardara Story" Featuring Brian
Donlevy; 10. Evening Feature Film:
"Demobbed"; 11. Late Night Film:
News Headlines, Weather Report
and Announcements. Close Down.

Campbell Is After Another Record Now

London, Nov. 29. Water speed record holder, Donald Campbell said today that he might try to smash the present automobile speed record before 1961.

Campbell made the statement at a luncheon of the "Rondell Club" and said he was working on the project but would not be ready before three years.

"I estimate there is another 25,000 hours of research to be done on engines, tyres, the chassis and many other things," Campbell said.

The British water speed king said he might make the record attempt on the Salt Lake flats at Utah, United States, using a turbo-jet car. The present world automobile speed record of 394.198 miles per hour was set in 1947 by Britain's John Cobb.—France-Press.



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W. L. LOKLEY & CO., LTD.,

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Hong Kong, 7th November, 1957.

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NOTICE

MARSHALL HONGKONG

CHINA, LIMITED

NOTICE IS HEREBY

GIVEN that the Sixteenth

Ordinary General Meeting of

the Company will be held at

the Registered Office of the

Company, Hongkong & Shang-

hai Bank Building, Hongkong,

on Saturday, the fourteenth

day of December, 1957 at

10.00 A.M. to receive the

Directors' Report and State-

ment of Accounts for the

period 1st May, 1956 to 30th

April, 1957, to elect Directors,

to appoint Auditors and to

transact any other ordinary

business of the Company.

The Transfer Books and

Register of Members of the

Company will be closed from

Saturday, the 30th day of

November, 1957 to Saturday,

the fourteenth day of Decem-

ber, 1957, both days inclusive.

Dated the Twenty-eighth

day of November, 1957.

By Order of the Board,

K. T. WONG,

Acting Secretary.

CHURCH NOTICES

ST. PETER'S CHURCH

The Missionary Society

40, Gloucester Road,

Tel. 1422

8.30 a.m. Holy Communion.

7.00 p.m. Evening

(Other Services arranged at any

time by request.)

TO-NIGHT

9.30 P.M.

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(FLUTIST)

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